

EXPONENT II



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Enduring to the End: A Survival Guide

On a beautiful sunny September morning, I decided to wash my kitchen curtains and have Rose Lee iron them. I had been excessively tired all week, but was feeling much better. As I watched two crows fight for a walnut, I suddenly felt very thankful for my blessings. I love California, in spite of the smog, and I love Rose Lee, who makes my physical tasks so much lighter. And today I would see both my daughters, who live very close to me. The boys--ages ten, eleven, and twelve--were coming to visit Grandma.

I wondered briefly about my left arm and hand, which tingled as if they were asleep. I rubbed them and shook them as I walked into the house. It was just four hours later that I was in a hospital bed with oxygen and intravenous tubes, hardly able to recall what had happened. I had had a stroke, and my left side was paralyzed.

The following two weeks are fuzzy. I remember that my son, a bishop, was there from San Diego and that he administered to me, and that I had some X-rays taken, but I must have slept a great deal of the time. Several weeks later, I was transferred to the therapy division, where many kind people tried to help me from bed to wheelchair to the gym for exercises. "Stand, pivot, sit!" became nightmarish words for me. I couldn't stand. Most of the personnel believed I had a mental block. I felt that I was a failure because many of the patients were making excellent progress, and failure was a comparatively new experience for me.

My doctor then decided to place me in a nearby convalescent home to gain strength. There I spent eight of the most miserable weeks of my life. It was a beautiful facility, artfully decorated and furnished, immaculately clean, but while there I was a complete non-person. I was Number 2A, and my embarrassment was constant. Often my physical needs could not be met when needed, so diapering was a regular procedure. I was lifted into and out of bed; no effort was made to make me self-sufficient. My meals were adequate, but seldom appetizing. I was in the last room that the food cart passed, so cold potatoes, eggs, toast, etc. became daily fare. I lost weight at an alarming rate, and looked gaunt and old and terrible.



I found a terrific snobbishness to exist at the home. There was a small group of women who were financially able to have an extra room with a full-time maid or nurse, fresh flowers delivered almost daily, hot trays delivered to their rooms as soon as they arrived from the kitchen. Most of the rooms, however, were semi-private, and my roommate was mentally failing. Although sympathetic, I could hardly endure her fantasies, her accusations, and her complete lack of control of bodily functions. There was certainly no companionship. There was a special room for the smokers, and the bar cart circulated twice daily. Playing cards was another popular pastime. I like to go to sleep early, but the loud, incessant television programs made me turn on my own set in self-defense.

How wonderful it would be if the Church provided convalescent care facilities where the sick and elderly could find a peaceful environment where Church standards are maintained. To have had prayer with a fellow patient, to have partaken of the Sacrament regularly, to have been able to discuss the Scriptures together, to have had standards of modesty observed--all would have made my stay at the home much more bearable. My sons-in-law and grandson brought the Sacrament to me on several occasions, my home teacher and Relief Society sisters visited me, but the environment seemed alien and not conducive to spiritual growth.

I paid for a therapist while I was at the home, and her daily visits were a highlight. She was lovely, but limited by lack of facilities and equipment. My dear daughters faithfully visited me daily, and many of my friends made the trip to the hospital. Otherwise life would have been intolerable. All my visitors, including my doctor, were impressed by my downward progress and lack of enthusiasm for living.

On December 13, my daughter Jane and her friend Bonnie came to move me back across the street to Huntington Hospital Rehabilitation Center. I haven't cried so bitterly or copiously for years, because the move represented another step to failure to me. "I'm too old and sick to be pushed and prodded," I reasoned. However, when I entered the department, I was greeted warmly by everyone--nurses, secretaries, custodians. It was a happy surprise and lifted my spirits somewhat, but it was not until I had spent a long and sleepless night that I could actually face the future with some optimism. During that night, it was as if an evil influence was replaced by a sweet spirit of peace and acceptance. "I am what I am and I will have to accept myself as well as everyone else. I'll work hard to make things better, but if I can't, I'll have to make the best of it."

It was the very next morning that my doctor instructed the staff to not try to have me stand, but to use the "sliding board" method of transferring

Cont. on p.4

Silver Threads Among the Old

There, I really felt that! An unmistakable arthritic twinge in my left knee. I even had to pull myself up by the edge of the sink. I used to absently watch my mother get down and not be able to get up, thinking that she must be "getting on," but my time is coming, too.

I once worried about the problems my children would have to face in the world, but now I need to think about me and the grim plight of the aged in our society. What will there be for me? Can I ever make enough preparations to cover all the geriatric bases necessary for my survival? Although I have watched two preceding generations grow old and solve similar problems, my answers must be different for my time.

I grew up in a big, old Utah house--eleven rooms to ramble in. When my mother, the youngest in a large family, married my father, they accepted my grandparents' offer to live in part of the big house until they could save enough for a home of their own. However, depression economics, plus my appearance, forced them to stay on. As my grandparents grew more and more dependent on my parents, my mother felt guilty if she even thought of leaving. She assumed more of the load gradually so Grandmother never fully realized that she was getting older. The rest of the family

did not know of the day-to-day struggle as long as things looked kept and cared for.

Because Grandmother's arthritic knee was stiff as a board and she always feared falling, my mother never let her come downstairs by herself in the morning. Mother helped her bathe, cut her toenails and bought needed groceries with the money her son sent for Mother's Day flowers. Their lives became so intertwined that the financial crises that beleaguered my grandparents left deep emotional scars on my parents.

The wartime boom brought several opportunities for my parents to leave, but the time had passed by. After my grandparents died, my parents lived on in the old home, modernizing it and enjoying themselves. The familiarity of surroundings and community exerted a stronger pull than my pleas to come and live near us and enjoy the grandchildren that thirteen years of waiting had finally brought.

My father died last November. Mother is alone now in the big, old house. As soon as the funeral was over, people started asking me what I was going to do with my mother, as if she were an object that had to be put away after the company had gone home.

Mother has always had very definite ideas

about not living with me. She realizes what kind of sacrifice she made for my grandparents, and is adamant about not putting anyone in a caretaker position. Besides, her arthritic knee joints dislike California dampness. Her home is as much a part of her as breathing; she wants to stay there as long as possible. I admire and respect her feelings and will help her as much as I can.

But the problems mount. Money is one. My father did literally "take it with him" when he died--over half their income was cancelled out. My mother has less to live on than federal poverty standards decree. Since she has some money in the bank, she is ineligible for any supplemental programs. This, in turn, puts us in a tight spot. We are older, too, but expenses with our young children are just beginning. In addition, we are taking over the upkeep of the Utah house; for example, there will be two roofs to put on this summer instead of one. This really makes me apprehensive. I know that my husband and I can never put away enough for our old age to keep up with the rate of inflation.

Transportation is a second problem. Mother has none. The city used to operate a 25¢ jitney, mainly for the large number of senior citizens.

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Coping with Crises

We *Exponent II* readers in the Pasadena area are not sure just why we asked if we could do a regional issue. We decided we wanted to try it after reading the New York issue. Perhaps it was because we were excited about what they had to say and wanted to share our thoughts, too. Maybe it was partly a feeling that we ought to balance things by speaking up for the west coast. At any rate, it has been a rewarding experience.

Although we live in an area rich in celebrities, we decided we wanted to focus our issue on the women we see every day at church, at the supermarket, on our Visiting Teaching beats. Some of them are well-known. Others claim they are famous only the length and breadth of their own streets. But all of the women we have written about have displayed some quality of courage or strength or dedication which has set them apart and gained our admiration. We hope that you, too, enjoy their stories.

Since the average age of our Pasadena-based group is perhaps slightly older than other similar groups, we find that a number of our articles deal with mid and later life problems. However, several of our younger women have also faced calamities. So we might call our issue "Coping with Crises."

This is not to say that we have neglected the lighter aspects of life, since humor is what keeps most of us going. And we felt it important to include some thoughts about living in our Southern California home.

We are a varied group. We include a physician, a medical student, several writers and teachers. One woman claims she is a full-time chauffeur for her kids. We are all mothers except for one who is expecting her first child. All of us, no matter what other professions we follow, are homemakers. In other words, we are a fairly representative group of *Exponent II* readers, and we feel that the "crises" we write about are universal, as are our observations in general.

We hope that our issue will inspire other regional groups to share their thoughts in this splendid forum the editors of *Exponent II* have provided for us.

LJL



Mary Ellen MacArthur, Marian Ward, Lael Litke, Margaret Poynter, Helen Jones.

More than a Rose Parade

People like to make fun of the Los Angeles megalopolis. "Smogsville," they call it. "The place where you wake up to the coughing of birds."

"Brush up your 'California-speak' before you go there," they say, "or you'll need an interpreter." ("I know where you're coming from, baby but you're, y'know, right off the wall. If you want the whole trip, cosmos-wise, you've got to, y'know, get your head together.")

In the eyes of most of the rest of the country, Los Angeles stands for everything that is uncouth, tacky, gauche, vulgar, excessive. It is the well-spring of fads, cults, Frisbees, hula hoops, roller skates, bumper stickers, message T-shirts.

It is a place of smog, fire and earthquakes. People insist on building houses on precarious hillsides, and if the heavy January rainstorms don't wash them away, they'll crumple with the next earth tremor.

The residents of the area are said to be freaked out, laid back, turned on, tuned in, mixed up, off beat, and spaced. "The crazies," they call us in the Midwest. The funny thing is, if you scratch a California crazy, you'll very likely find a transplanted Midwesterner.

Perhaps the most definitive description of California comes from John Clellon Holmes, who said, "If someone had given an imaginative, impatient, pleasure-prone adolescent one hundred billion dollars and told him to build a city that would gratify all his divergent urges, he would have built something very much like Los Angeles. Woody Allen, in 'Annie Hall,' said that the main cultural advantage of the West coast over the East is making a right turn on a red light. And then there is H.L. Mencken's summation made after a trip here: "The whole place stank of orange blossoms."

The residents of the Los Angeles Basin neither "deny the allegation nor denounce the allegator," as Mr. Tambo in the old minstrel shows used to say. They smile cheerfully at each new harangue and are apt to add a few of their own observations about Cuckooland (to use Will Rogers' appellation).

They say we don't have a change of seasons here, but we claim that we do--after a fashion. Seasons here are whimsical rather than cyclical. For instance, this past year spring was on a Tuesday in November and a Friday in May.

They say it's dangerous to live here. If the smog doesn't get you, the freeways will. A recent article in the *Los Angeles Times* rated thrill rides at all of the local amusement parks--Disneyland, Knotts Berry Farm, Magic Mountain, etc. One star meant the ride was mildly exciting, and five stars--well, make sure you leave the name of your next of kin. The only ride that rated five stars was the Pasadena Freeway, the narrow, twisty main artery from Pasadena to downtown Los Angeles (built in 1939, the second freeway in the country).

Admittedly this is a place of excesses. To quote George Blecher, a New Yorker who has a crush on Los Angeles: "Its colors assault the eye the way noise assaults the ear in New York. Its freeways crisscross like a child's scribbles, an insult to city planning. . . . Earthquakes rattle the city. . . . Architecture is a crazy forest of every style since the cave--and they never turn off the (expletive deleted) sun! . . . But at its best, (all that energy) is what eventually pushes people to excel, break old molds and ride the crest of the present right into the future."

But another writer cries in horror: "...the city of the future? O brave new world!"

All right, so why do we all stay? Why do thousands of new hopefuls pour into the Basin every day? Why is there the largest concentration of Mormons here than in any other place outside of Utah? Have we been so seduced by the sunshine and bemused by the casual --oh, all right, "laid back"--lifestyle that we've lost the gumption to go anywhere else? Is it possible to lead a normal, traditional life of an LDS woman here? (What is normal? What is traditional?)

We stay because we like it. Crazy? Maybe. Freaked out? Probably. Suicidal? We'd rather call it adventurous.

Most of us choose to live here, because most of California's population came from somewhere else. And on cool, cricket-loud summer evenings as we sit at the Hollywood Bowl and listen to the Los Angeles Philharmonic; as we drive along Freeway 134 which runs like a balcony along the northern edge of the Basin, and we glimpse the sparkling buildings of downtown Los Angeles glimmering through breaks in the stubby hills; as we take our choice of driving to the mountains, the desert, or the sea within forty-five minutes--then we are glad we made that choice.

An Appreciation

I'd never say it to her face, but one of the reasons I like to consider Lael Litke my friend is because I'm positive she'll be famous some day! Actually, in my book, someone who publishes stories in *Seventeen*, and *Redbook* and *Ladies' Home Journal* already is famous. But I mean FAMOUS, as she is going to be when her Mink Creek novel is published, sold to the movies, and becomes the basis for a long run TV series, sort of a Mormon "Waltons." The only reason she isn't famous yet is because of her "eth"--Idaho Mormon--is so exotic that the New York publishers doubt its authenticity.

But the Mink Creek (pronounce that "crick") Lael is only one facet of her personality. Another is being the bright, intellectual wife of a California college professor, a past president of the Faculty Wives Club, equally at home in Manhattan or Los Angeles. Lael the writer is also active in Writers' Guild, classes, and symposiums, and she is increasingly in demand to speak at these affairs as a Writer who Publishes, even though she doesn't relish the speaker's role.

Then there's the Lael that most of the members of Pasadena Stake know, as well as innumerable neighbors and friends--unprepossessing, quiet in groups, self-effacing, devoted to husband George and daughter Lori, always working hard on Church assignments. She would be rich and famous if she had been paid minimum wage for each of the skits, road shows, and Relief Society programs she's written--and often produced--over the years, to say nothing of all the ward and stake newspapers. Less well-known are her countless acts of compassionate service, done so faithfully that we wonder when she wrests the time to be creative.

But I've left the best part about Lael for last: she's the *funniest* person I know--not necessarily in person, but in writing. The other secret reason I cultivate her friendship is to stay on the mailing list for the Litke "Hard to Digest," an anytime-from-Christmas-to-Twelfth-Night report on the State of the Littkes, guaranteed to make you find and burn all of your past attempts at dittoed family news! I guess that's Lael's most delightful quality: despite her formidable gifts, she is the last person to take herself--or anything else--too seriously. We are proud to have her represent us as Pasadena area editor for this issue of *Exponent II*.

Mary Ellen MacArthur
Pasadena, California



The pace of life we lead may be a bit stepped up from that of some of our Sisters in other areas of the country. We may face more diversity, more hazards, and more alternative lifestyles. But our position is that you find what you look for, no matter where you live. No matter what you seek, it is here.

We do not claim to speak for all Southern California women. The thoughts expressed represent only a small group of *Exponent II* readers based in Pasadena, fifteen miles from downtown Los Angeles. Our main claim to fame is the Tournament of Roses each January 1, with its fragrant and beautiful Rose Parade and its climactic football game.

We maintain that just as Pasadena is more than a Rose Parade, just as Los Angeles is more than smog and freeways, so all of life is more than the obvious. We find meaning and beauty and excitement in the crazy world we all share. We find problems and challenges and things that need to be righted.

We'd like to talk about these things, sharing our thoughts with other *Exponent II* readers not because of our differences, but because of our similarities. *Exponent II* is more than a newspaper. It is a Sisterhood.

Lael J. Litke
Pasadena, California

The Story Question

"What is the story question?" asks Helen Hinckley Jones after reading aloud a manuscript submitted by one of her writers' workshop students. The scene is the living room of her comfortable white frame house in Altadena. The time is any Thursday evening.

"Every successful story must have a story question," Helen has told her students over the years. Her Thursday workshop people have been with her for a long time and have no difficulty recognizing a story question. They are an auspicious group, all selling writers who owe a large measure of their success to Helen.

What is the story question in the story of Helen's life? What have been her goals? What conflicts arose to keep her from reaching them? Is hers a story of attainment or is it a "come-to-realize" story?

"My story question," Helen says, "might be 'Can a female descendant of the last governor of Plymouth grow up to be rich and famous?'" Her story begins in a time when women were not particularly encouraged to seek riches and fame on their own, so the question is a compelling one.

Helen Hinckley was born in Provo, Utah. At the ripe old age of seven, one of the many poems she had written was published, and she determined to become a writer. This led to playwrighting. By the time she was eleven, she had converted an unused pigpen into an outdoor stage and was writing a play a week for the neighborhood kids. She always wrote a nice juicy part for herself, since she figured being an actress was as good a way to attain riches and fame as was being a writer.

When she was twelve, "a wonderful old patriarch predicted I would be a teacher." Being a teacher might bring fame, she thought, but it could hardly be counted on to produce riches. By the time she was a high school freshman, Helen was selling enough children's stories to earn her spending money. Surely this was the avenue to follow toward her goal. But was it a suitable career?

At that time there weren't many approved career choices open to women, so when Helen went to BYU she decided to become a teacher, thus fulfilling the patriarch's prediction. She majored in history, but eventually taught almost every subject on all different levels.

"A story should have one major story line," Helen tells her writing students. But her story began to branch off into many lines. She enjoyed her teaching career. She continued to write, gaining a wide reputation. She married Ivan Jones in 1938, becoming a happy wife and then the mother of two daughters.

All of her story lines progressed simultaneously. With Ivan's encouragement and help, Helen was able to continue part-time teaching when the girls were small. She also used some of the money she earned to hire household cleaning help. "It makes good sense to free yourself to do those things that will advance your career," she says.

In 1949 there was a great deal of suspense in one story line. Helen sold a novel, *The Mountains are Mine* (Vanguard Press), which critics in New York and Los Angeles called "the best Mormon novel yet written. Helen Hinckley will be the Willa Cather of her people," they said.

"But it wasn't to be," sighs Helen.

For many years after they both started teaching at Pasadena City College, Helen and Ivan had a series of "borrowed" children--foreign students who could not have attended PCC without a "borrowed" home. The story of one of these students, Najmeh Najafi, an Iranian girl, led to three very successful non-fiction books about Iran. The first, *Persia is my Heart* (Harper and Row), was a top seller in 1953 and rated a full column in Eleanor Roosevelt's widely syndicated "This is My Day." But it didn't advance Helen toward her "riches" goal, since the income from it went to building a cottage industry in Sarbandan, Iran.

In 1954 Helen founded Writers Week at Pasadena City College, one of the first writers' conferences in the country. Her teaching techniques by then had started many of her students on their own quests for fame and fortune. She was becoming as widely known for her teaching as for her writing.

Helen is now retired from PCC, but she maintains her Thursday night workshop. Her students, who call her "Mama," always sniff appreciatively when they arrive since she bakes bread on Thursday afternoons. To them that bread is symbolic of the motherly interest she takes in their careers which she guides with true parental sternness and love.



Photograph courtesy of Pasadena City College.

So how does she answer her story question? Has she attained riches and fame?

"No," she says with her infectious smile.

Yet she has published seventeen books and countless articles and stories. Her most recent book, *Columbus, Explorer for Christ*, was published by Herald House in 1977. Her students have published over four hundred books and thousands of articles and stories. Even her youngest daughter, Samellyn Wood, has already published a book of her own. And her teaching methods carry on through at least four of her students who are now teaching writing themselves.

The thick folder of awards she has received include one for "A Distinguished Contribution to the Field of Children's Literature" from the Southern California Council on Literature for Children and Young People in 1976; the Brigham Young University Alumni Association Distinguished Service Award in 1971; an award for "Extraordinary Contributions to the Pasadena Writers Forum" from PCC in 1979; and an award from the National Society of Literature and the Arts in 1975.

So Helen's story is definitely one of attainment as far as fame is concerned.

Riches? "Mine is also a 'come-to-realize' story," Helen says, "because I have realized that fortune can be of a dozen kinds."

Despite Helen's modest disclaimer, her story question can definitely be answered YES. And because of the inspiration this story and her daily presence provides to us, the *Exponent II* readers of the Pasadena area, we would like to lovingly dedicate this issue to her.

Lael J. Littke
Pasadena, California

ALMA: Organization for Creative Excellence



On July 7 of this year, the cream of LDS professional and creative talent gathered for the second year to present a media seminar to the LDS community in Southern California.

The seminar brought together many of the famous and well-known artists and creators in the media through the efforts of the Associated Latter-day Media Artists, or ALMA. Among those who taught and directed seminar sessions were actress Laraine Day; actor Gordon Jump, whose CBS comedy series "WKRP in Cincinnati" hit the number one spot in the Nielsen ratings in June; producer-director Glen Larson, who is associated with several top TV shows; and producer Mike Grilikhes, the creator of "Disney on Parade," who was also instrumental in building the Polynesian Cultural Center in Hawaii.

ALMA is a relatively young organization of professionals in the media arts, drawing its membership from performers, artists, writers, technicians and business people in the mass communications industry. Beginning in the Los Angeles area in early 1977, ALMA began among Church members in the Hollywood entertainment industry. It has grown rapidly over the past two years, and now includes over six hundred members throughout the United States and Europe. Local chapter members refer to themselves as the "First Chapter of ALMA," which brings generous laughter whenever it is mentioned at meetings.

One of the major objectives of ALMA is to create a unifying atmosphere where Latter-day Saints in the industries may gather for companionship and support. Mormons in the field of entertainment often find it a very lonely business, and ALMA offers an atmosphere more in line with the lifestyle LDS professionals prefer.

Another of the major objectives of ALMA is to foster excellence and quality in the area of public communications by making efforts in raising the level of morality in the media, and maintaining the integrity of programming in all areas of entertainment.

Among the women featured for this year's seminar was Mary Ann Mendenhall, an outstanding choral director with her own professional choir. She directed a session on "Building the Voice and Building the Choir." Yvonne King Burch, who created the concept of "The King Family Show" and sold it to ABC, presented a course entitled "Be the Best Somebody You Can Be," using her expertise in the areas of public speaking and self-development.

Lynn Maynor, who has a varied background in Communications and is currently president of Maynor-Snyder Public Relations, taught several of the most popular classes of the day. Neither a member of the Church or of ALMA, Ms. Maynor commented that the seminar had been one of the most satisfying experiences she has had.

Grace Brown, well known in the Southland as a superb teacher and organist, conducted a session on the varied uses of the organ in Church functions. Margaret Barlow, a professional music teacher in the Los Angeles School District, in an outstanding workshop blended her class into a harmonious chorale, using packets of music and leading the singers as they sight-read some of the unique choral pieces she presented, blending instrumental music from violin, trombone, and organ.

Laraine Day, one of America's outstanding women in the cinema arts, conducted an open forum, allowing the participants in her class to ask questions and express their thoughts for

the full class period. Marilyn Christensen, a professional singer and dancer who does voice work and looping for the film industry, is perhaps one of the best known "roadshow" directors in the Church. The lunch hour of the day was highlighted by the presentation of Marilyn's current roadshow, "Fitness is the Name," which received a standing ovation from the mostly professional audience in attendance.

Heather Young, whose stage play *Debbie, Diary of a Mormon Girl* is being seen in the Southland, led a session on "Christianity and a Sensitive Approach to Acting." Charlene Johnson, currently the hair stylist for "Mork and Mindy" as well as other stars, directed one of the more popular workshops on personal hair care and styling. Gail Williams, make-up specialist for the Miss California Beauty Pageant, directed her workshop on make-up and its application for personal appearance.

Joni Pennock Winn, a former Miss California, has been a producer and writer for several years and hosts her own women's show on Channel 52 in Southern California. Her workshop was entitled "How to Break into Broadcasting." Tina Cole, the star of "My Three Sons" and one of the King Cousins, led a workshop on body conditioning that had everyone in her class dancing to the beat of rock and disco in timed and choreographed body exercises. In her class on "Vocal Development and Training," Enid Clement, a voice teacher of superb training and excellence, discussed both popular and classical singing techniques.

The seminar--which was designed to help those stake members who had callings in music, the arts, and other related fields--was acclaimed a success by all who attended.

LeAnne N. Hutchings
Arcadia, California

"Enduring" Cont. from p.1

from bed to wheelchair. "You are not a failure, but your legs are," he told me. "You would not have had difficulty if your right knee had not suffered an injury four years ago." It gave a tremendous lift to my spirits to be told that I was not a failure.

The change in spirit that I experienced that first night in the Rehabilitation Center has not left me since. Occasionally I feel myself slipping, but I'm given the strength to hang on. I'm now out of bed into a wheelchair, unable to walk but self-sufficient in many ways.

This personal experience is related only as background for my thesis on aging and ill parents. What shall we do with them and for them? How can we help solve this unanswered problem? Would that we could all guarantee our futures by investing in Savings and Loans and happily playing golf until we're 101, as is suggested in TV commercials! As a group, the elderly are similar to the youth—we have some problems in common, but we each have individual needs as well. Those stroke victims like me—reportedly one million in the United States last year alone—are variously crippled, ill, healthy, alone, living with our companions, black, white, dull, bright, educated, frustrated. In other words, we are people! Our basic needs are simple. When these needs are considered and fulfilled, many problems are solved.

First, we must have love. Our need is greater rather than minimized as our problems increase. A sincere expression of affection can brighten an otherwise dark day. This love must be accompanied by kindness and consideration. As Sidney J. Harris says, "We are the most impressionable creatures on God's green earth, and a kind word can set us up for a whole week."

Second, we must be respected on an individual basis as a person with ideas and thoughts worth consideration. We should be given the opportunity to express an opinion without having it ridiculed or ignored, even if we have a difficult time making ourselves understood because of physical disabilities. Experience has taught us many things. Our idea may not be accepted, but if it can be evaluated, our self-respect is preserved.

Third, when possible we should be permitted to make our own decisions. Independence is a precious commodity; when the mind is clear, this independence should be respected. As far as possible, we should be in charge of our financial matters. It contributes to our feelings of worth and independence. This was so clearly stressed at the Rehabilitation Center. "Don't let anyone do anything for you that you can do for yourself," they said repeatedly. By contrast, at the convalescent home we endured baby talk and were given tranquilizers to dull our senses.

Fourth, our self-respect should be encouraged by occasional compliments, by being dressed as attractively as possible, by careful grooming. "You look beautiful today, Grandma," can lift my spirits for hours.

Fifth, we should be made to feel useful and needed in some small way. There are always available some small tasks that contribute to the welfare of the family. We may be awkward or slow, but it's a great ego builder to accomplish a task and to feel needed, especially if some small compliment or sign of gratitude is given. For some, physical tasks may be impossible, but ideas and spiritual thoughts may be shared. My mother-in-law lived with me for a short time before her death and told me many fascinating stories about her family. I have always regretted that I did not record them. Great riches of the mind can be shared, and the opportunity to do so is fleeting. Listen with respect and interest, and both your lives will be enhanced.

Sixth, our privacy should be respected. Time alone is valuable and necessary. Our mail, financial matters, conversations with friends should all be shared only when the desire is mutual.

I know that many elderly folk are difficult to live with. They are often critical and cross and full of self-pity. But they might even change if a sincere effort were made to make them feel wanted and very much a part of the family.

Almera A. Romney
Monrovia, California

"Silver Threads" Cont. from p.1

Inflation has taken the jitney, and the base taxi fare is \$2.00. Social Security purses really feel the pinch.

In my California ward, Mother would be taken to the store regularly, but in her ward there are over ninety widows. Even the most diligent Relief Society organization cannot meet all those needs. Mother asked me how I would handle her small shopping if I were a Relief Society sister in her ward. I efficiently explained how I would call every few days to ask about items like bread and milk, pick them up and deliver them right to her door. I sat back with a sense of duty fulfilled, until she brought me up by the bootstraps by reminding me that she would still like to do her own shopping. I realized that her sense of independence is as important as the milk and the bread.

And yet I must be honest—she now moves so slowly that it annoys me to go shopping with her. I love her and am willing to wait the interminable minutes while she selects the right carton of eggs and the right head of lettuce, but I know others don't have the tolerance sparked by love, and I know she must feel that. Mother doesn't always buy the things she likes, for instance, because some sisters who take her shopping are snide if mother buys real butter or a little steak.

Making my father's last years comfortable was a full-time job for her, and now she doesn't really enjoy outings with old friends as I thought she might. She is annoyed if anyone suggests a trip to the community Senior Citizens Center, and is downright outraged if she is invited to the annual old folks' dinner at the ward. She complains at this late date—nearly eighty—that she didn't have other children, but is so fearful of breaking a bone that she will not leave home even to visit me. In fact, she will soon have to give up her beloved Visiting Teaching because of her unsteady footing on the slippery ice.

Her sisters fared no better in their later years. Two moved in with their children, and felt all the discomfort of being unwanted until they mercifully passed on. Two others spent their last years in a rest home, one too physically disabled to remain at home and the other a victim of senility, spectre of the aged. My cousin tried to hire help to stay with her mother so that she could remain at home. But, no one can take a senile person

twenty-four hours a day, and it became more difficult and then impossible to find help. Finally, the solution was a rest home in the town where my mother lives. It is a lovely rest home. The ladies have their hair done every week, the food is very good and any member of the staff who is impatient or unkind faces immediate dismissal. A complete schedule of church meetings is held every week, which means a great deal to the residents. But rest home costs are rising. When there is only one child, there is no financial relief or division of responsibility.

I want my mother to stay in her own home. Ideally, I would like some kind of a day care for the aged—someone to come in for a few hours, clean and prepare a good meal. My mother doesn't need that just yet, but she will and that kind of help is hard to come by.

Ultimately, it will take just plain concern with the aging to prompt action. Certainly it isn't going to be monetarily profitable. But the seventy-five and over group is the fastest growing segment of our population, and caring is the only common denominator.

Besides helping my own mother, there are other things I can do to help the cause of older people. I can write letters about the Medicare absurdities which require as many as five out of six older people to be hospitalized before they can get the help they really need. I can teach caring to my children. Their little spirits are yet tender and concerned, and they understand that we must help Grammy both temporally and emotionally. I can lobby for concern in my ward—primarily by showing concern for those here in my ward family who need help without always having to be asked. People shun involvement; if no one tells them there is a problem, they can pretend it does not exist. My mother's visiting teacher just says how well Mother looks and hurries on. Mother has always looked lovely. She will look lovely in her casket, but she will *not* be dead.

I do not know what is ahead for me. I want to be able to determine my own future, but I may have to trust my children if that isn't possible. I don't like to think of a computer deciding what to do with an old me. I like to deal with human beings, and hope they will continue to want to deal with me.

Ruth Green Robertson
San Gabriel, California

Hail and Farewell

We of the Exponent II staff regret to announce the death of Dr. Martin C. Nalder, a psychiatrist and friend who has been a faithful, generous, and very well-received writer for this newspaper [see "A Very Special Woman" (March 1975), "To Give You Must Get" (June 1976), and "The Shrew Syndrome" (Summer 1978)]. In fact, Dr. Nalder was to be a contributor to the present California issue. They join with us in expressing our sadness at this event.

The following is a small tribute written by the women who first introduced us to Dr. Nalder:

We first heard of Martin Nalder when he spoke to the University of Utah Women's Alumni in the spring of 1974. At that time, he spoke of the women he had seen and treated for depression, problems, complaints, etc. He told us of advising husbands to be tender and sympathetic to their wives. We were all captivated by his ideas and by him, especially since he was unmarried and seemed to have so much insight and understanding, and we asked him to teach a class incorporating these ideas.

When Dr. Nalder was preparing to leave Utah three years ago to continue his work in psychiatry in Los Angeles, about twenty women—former students, co-workers, patients and friends—met to say their "thanks" and "goodbyes" to him, not realizing that this was the last occasion they would have to see him alive. He died on June 8, 1979, in California at the age of 52.

That festive summer day we recalled our association with Martin and retold stories about him which we had shared. The following are some of the things we would like others to know about him.

--Martin was a superior teacher, who was al-

ways well-prepared with many clinical stories and life experiences to keep his audience with him. He had lots of charisma.

--He had a wide variety of interests. He had written a number of plays which had been produced. He had also been an actor. He played the piano with the skill of a trained musician. He loved to travel, often going alone around the world if there were no companion to accompany him.

--He had a gusty laugh that was very infectious. His huge frame shook as he laughed.

--He dressed impeccably. He loved colors, and always coordinated his newly tailored sports jacket with his tie and slacks.

--He was very frank about his status as an active, unmarried high priest in the Church. His frequent reference to his status indicated its deep concern to him.

--He was the center of the universe for his widowed mother and two single sisters, who were all in the fields of counselling and family relations.

--He was an effective counsellor at the University of Utah and had a large practice of very devoted patients.

At that farewell party, we all expressed our love and concern for him, and our deep appreciation for the contribution he had made to each of our lives. I don't think we would have done it differently if we had known how "farewell" that party really was.

Beverly Johnson
Evalyn Bennett
Salt Lake City, Utah

Poetry

A Prayer for My Parents

Composed in the church of St. Severin in Paris

I sit alone
In this tone-hewn womb
With memories of you.
Pastel glass shimmers as day passes
Then grows grey and dim while
Candlelight, burning quietly and bright,
Drapes walls in gauzy gold.

But I am no longer alone:
A hooded face appears;
A nun kneels in the haze.
She doesn't see me,
Although I stand close enough
To feel her whispered words
Upon my cheek.

I watch her pray;
Her withered face, moist with tears,
Reflects the candles' flame.
She cries in silence,
Transported by her passion, pain, and love.
I look into her wet-rimmed eyes and
See your faces though miles separate us.

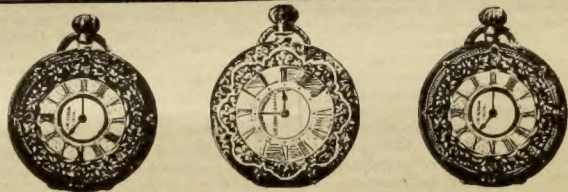
The church grows dark
The wind rattles paper in the empty street;
The nun stands and blows each candle
One by one
Until one remains:
I say a prayer for you.

Ann Edwards Cannon
Provo, Utah

Sonnet

At Christmas time the gifts you sent were fine--
Dolls by Alexander, prim sashed dresses,
Embossed books--always with package tags signed
"Grandfather": gilt exchange for caresses
That distance and bare dignity restrained.
Grown, I stared at the photograph of you
Young on Mama's wall--at the broadcloth plane
Of your solemn broad chest--on my mind flew
Anger at that foreign country called the past
That, frozen, framed in your thin lips and slick
Combed hair, eclipsed us with shadows cast
Of a formality fixed like the tick-
Tick of your breast pocket watch. Now you're dead.
And late, I sense the life you never said,
Grandfather.

Dian Saderup
Salt Lake City, Utah



Love Song at the End of Summer

It is clear now, body. Every day can be late August,
after the birth of babies, never quite cold.

But one must learn early what you are for forever.
Good old leather tiger, half domesticated
by paws in pans and shoulders hung too often with beaded fur,
you may think I forget. But you do not let me.
By now I know better. I come back.

Still, you never take me not surprised, faithful one,
by how to arrive, and the pleasure of sweat,
and how to shiver away the bee.
You move to the song behind the dance,
Even after a standard, plain white, unstriped day,
you ripple in our sleep and wait, mostly unperplexed.

And when no matter how faint, the music breathes
behind the catcalls of too much to do, you muster
almost without my inclining, potent as needing to dance,
to pace off the house, the garden of weeds, the clogged creek,
and the midnight clutch of vagrancies. You pad from some spring
and, wild, except for my importuning, go. To do it all.

When we lie down, it will be like the squirrel there,
unflagging in the last swift moving in the leaves,
August stashed in crisp piles above the dust.
I may find no way at all without your sleek taking.

Under the wrinkles that tell you no, I can hear you now
saying, "I still love you," and to time, "Leave her alone."

Emma Lou Thayne
Salt Lake City, Utah

The Promise

I took Lehi up on his promise:
Grasp the rod,
It will take you to joy with the Father.

I never left the path.
Sometimes my arms ached with holding,
But I never let go.
Only the thoughts of the wonderful white fruit
Kept my grasp firm.

The years have passed
And with them my youthful strength.
Now I keep an expectant lookout
For my first glimpse of the tree
Which surely will be soon.
Haven't I earned by now
A rest under that tree?

Suddenly the sinking feeling . . .
Maybe he didn't mean
It would be a rope tow.
All the years of hanging onto that rod
For nothing?
It's true I haven't strayed from the path,
But I'm still at the bottom of the hill.

Kathleen M. Osborne
Walnut Creek, California

Rest Home

I know this place:
it is for cooling
and waiting
till parts
held by the heart
loosen,

where sealings must open
to let the music
work out and away,

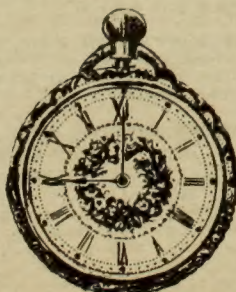
where tight webs
are to slacken,
memories of movement
to fuzz
(including all the visions!)

I know this place:
old wants, love and fears
should flow drily out,
release
into the hollows
where things without molecules
disappear.

I know this place
will never quench the flame.
The cooling comes
from slow breaking.

Shivering now, I cling
to the fragments
not yet disconnected
and dream
I am warm.

Jerrilyn Black
Logan, Utah



Dry Lullaby

Hush now
My gray-haired one,
Silence up your fret.
You've earned reward,
Now learn it!

We've loosed your fingers from your tools,
Nestled you by TV,
Now rest!

Quiet your mooning memories,
Chant your childhood tunes
Out back.

Here are your rites of crackers,
Now stare yourself to sleep.

Jerrilyn Black
Logan, Utah

Mormons in an Integrated School System

"I know I've gained a better understanding of other people by going to school in Pasadena. It's helped me to get rid of prejudices I may have had before because of realizing that a lot of [minorities] are no different from us." (Lisa)

"You could get a good education if you tried, but you had to make an effort. It wasn't just handed to you on a silver platter." (Lori)

These were two of the prevailing opinions when we talked with a group of LDS graduates of two of Pasadena's public high schools. The Pasadena Unified School District has been operating under a court-ordered desegregation plan since 1970, a plan which pairs racially imbalanced schools and buses virtually all students for at least half their elementary school years. Junior and senior high students are similarly distributed for racial balance. The "forced busing," as its many opponents call it, has been a very hot political issue in Pasadena for all the intervening years, and has been particularly difficult for many LDS families to accept. Much "white flight" has occurred, Mormon and non-Mormon alike, so that at present, Caucasians represent less than half the student population. The remainder of the students are predominantly black, with large Hispanic and Oriental sub-groups.

Because being a minority racially as well as religiously has been so much a part of their growing up experiences, we wondered how our Mormon students were feeling about their education up to this point. The five we interviewed are all active members of either Pasadena II or East Pasadena Wards; all are good students who have been active in school affairs. John Hatch, the lone representative from John Muir High School, graduated with honors in 1978 and has just completed his first year at the University of Illinois. Derek Empey, Jane MacArthur, and Lisa Marcheschi graduated this past June from Pasadena High School. Derek and Jane have devoted much of their energies to performing with the championship P.H.S. Band, with Lisa often performing with them in her role as varsity song-girl. Jane enters Stanford University in the fall, and Lisa will go to BYU. Lori Litke, the fifth panelist, is a 1978 graduate of P.H.S., where she was an honor student. She has just completed her freshman year at UCLA. Both John and Derek plan to fill missions before returning to school.

Exponent: All of you except Derek have been in the Pasadena public schools since integration started in 1970. Derek, will you share your reactions when you first entered the school system?

Derek: I came into the school in eighth grade. I had been going to this brand-new junior high in Salt Lake--"up on the hill." When I went to McKinley (Junior High in Pasadena), I didn't have any idea what the schools in California were like. I had visions of it looking like Manhattan, and when I walked in, that's exactly what it looked like! I'd never been within ten feet of a black person before I came to Southern California, and I honestly didn't know what to think. The second day of school a big black girl pushed me into my locker and gave me what-for. I didn't know how to act. As you go to school in an integrated system, there are certain things you don't do, and I didn't know any of them.

Exponent: What are some of the things that you "don't do"?

Several: You don't go into certain restrooms. . . . You don't go to the restrooms at all!

Lisa: I always went to any handy bathroom and never had any trouble.

John said at this point that black and white students got along much better at his high school, Muir. Most agreed that that seems to be the case. Some discussion ensued as to whether or not this is related to the socio-economic status of the black students assigned to the different schools. At P.H.S., nearly half of the students are from families on some form of welfare.

Derek: I think there are more bigots, both black and white, at P.H.S.

A discussion followed of the most feared event--getting "jumped." John said that it has nearly disappeared at Muir, and the others agreed that it was on the decline at P.H.S., but still happened.

Exponent: How do you define "getting jumped"?

John: Being ganged up on by more than one black and being extorted and/or beaten up--for no obvious reason.

Derek: The last time I got beaten up, the reason the guy gave when we finally caught him is that his coat had been stolen and he and a couple of his friends decided to take it out on me. That's really beyond me.

A lot of the kids are just rude, Anthony, a black guy, was the president of the band and a really good friend of mine. We talked about this all year--we were going to start a school and make every kid at P.H.S. go to it. We were going to teach them how to walk in the halls--like a driving school! We were going to have stop signs, and everything.

Jane: Well, I think this is true for everyone in the world. We are prejudiced against rudeness, against incivility, against people who do not take into consideration other people's concerns. The inconsiderate people are the ones we are prejudiced against. And oftentimes, especially at our school, maybe not so much at your school, John, there is a high correspondence between the black kids and this uncivil group. It's not always true--I know white kids who'll do the same thing--and that's what I'm prejudiced against.

Exponent: We have so far overlooked the fact that you here as Mormons represent a very small minority yourselves in our school system, and one that has been somewhat in public display, especially with regard to blacks. Did you feel--each of you--conspicuously Mormon?

General assent.

Lori: I don't think all of my friends and acquaintances were aware of my religion.

Jane: How can they miss, when I'm on one side of the parking lot and my black friend Bambi is on the other, and she screams in her best fake, screechy voice, "Oh, it's Jane MacMormon!" She'd do this oh, say once a day, and pretty soon there were an awful lot of people who knew!

Derek: I'd heard about that, but I thought it was a legend or something!

Jane: No, it's really true, and next year she'll probably do it to me in the middle of the Quad at Stanford!

John: At Muir, everybody already knew I was a Mormon. During my senior year, my friend Matt and I would ditch every once in awhile to go to the beach or somewhere, and it was always, "Oh, it's Mormon Day for this," or "What did you guys do at the beach--make sand temples?" I also felt conspicuous back at the U. of I., though.

Exponent: Why, John? Because of what you told them, or was it immediately apparent because of what you didn't do?

John: Oh, definitely because of what I didn't do. I didn't come right out and put a sign on my door. But all year, it was "Oh man, come on, you gotta have one hit before you go. You gotta taste it one time." But there were other guys on the floor too that would say, "Man, if he wants to be like that, let him be."

Jane: I have never been embarrassed of the fact that I am a Mormon, or had to denounce it because I personally feel proud of the fact that I can keep my standards.

Lori: I think people give respect.

Jane: Yeah--people might make fun of you, but underneath it is respect, all respect. I think once you get into the college scene it isn't so much respect as it is, you know . . .

John: I think it's more toleration.

Exponent: As you know, a lot of parents are really panicky that their children are not getting educated in Pasadena, and a lot of people are moving out. They feel that because the Caucasians are now a minority in the school system, and because there has been a lot of political controversy on the school board, the kids in Pasadena are not getting a good, competitive preparation for college. If you were adults here, and you owned a nice house and had



Lisa Marcheschi, John Hatch, Lori Litke, Jane MacArthur. Not pictured: Derek Empey.

children in school here, would you feel the urge to leave?

Jane: I would give my kids the opportunity I've had if it killed me.

Lisa: I don't know if I would move into the school district. I mean, I don't know if I would have said, "Oh, that's a great ward," but now that we're here, I wouldn't move out of it. But I can think of other places I'd like to live.

John: I really have totally different opinions than many parents do about the school district and everything like that. I feel that I was not cheated one bit. In fact, I was better prepared than a lot of the people coming out of the private schools of Chicago. I had a better advantage in some of the practical things--writing, for instance. Moving to an all-white school district is not going to help solve a kid's problems. The problem is schools in general.

Exponent: I still think that one of the things that makes a big difference is each school's having a good, solid middle-class population--blacks, whites, all nationalities--who value the work ethic and put a lot of emphasis on the importance of working to do well. It adds a lot of stability to a school.

John: That's getting down to the basics of everything. It's the ideals that are passed down from your parents. The hard-working black middle-class that you were talking about are going to be some of the most caring individuals who want their kids to get an education and get ahead. It's all going to be the parents--if you have the kind of parents who really care. All of our parents, Mormon parents, tend to be among the most caring of any parents around. If you've got them leaving the scene because of the racial situation, which is really over-emphasized, then you're going to lose a certain degree of stability. That's maybe been one of the big problems: having a lot of the people who really care leave, instead of putting forth the effort to change it, to make it work, to make P.H.S. better.

Exponent: This is an interesting point, John. Do you feel there is a moral responsibility in all this to stay and try to provide some kind of leadership?

John: Ummm--I don't know about "morals," but I think yeah, there is.

The students discussed some of the people from the Mormon community who have stepped out as volunteers to help the community, including John's dad, who was a PTA vice-president at John's school the first year of integration; Margaret Howell, wife of the current bishop of Pasadena II Ward, who has given countless hours of service to Pasadena High School; and Lisa's father, who served as school board member and president.

John: Anyway, you can't just keep running all your life because no matter where you go, things might get bad.

Jane: Right. Wouldn't it be much better to stick your feet down and say, "Okay, if it's not good, let me see what I can do to make it better."

John: Mormons are trained to have those kind of feelings--to help to make it better. So yes, I guess there is a moral responsibility, and that's why I oppose many of the people who are thinking of leaving.

Almera Romney: Education Chose Her

When Almera Anderson Romney is asked, as she often is, "Which Romney are you?" she always answers staunchly that she's an Anderson—a pure-blooded Dane from Manti! Her parents were converts in Denmark; Almera, who was born in 1903, was their fifth and last child. Almera remembers much sorrowing in her childhood, due to the deaths of a brother and a sister.

Education, the gospel, and hard work were the virtues that shaped life for Almera and many like her, first generation children in the land of promise. A top student, Almera finished high school in three years, went on to a year of teacher training at Snow Normal College, and was back in Manti as a full-fledged schoolmarm at age eighteen. At twenty-one she was made principal of the town's grammar school, and three years later she quit principalship, to, of all things, go to college! She had planned and saved for Berkeley, but the care of failing parents made that dream impossible. So instead she moved with her folks to Provo, near a married brother, and went to BYU for two and a half years, continuing to care, meanwhile, for her stroke-paralyzed mother. Almera graduated with honors shortly after her mother died. That fall, she was finally able to enjoy a taste of carefree youth as a high school teacher in Tooele, Utah. Prince Charming arrived in Tooele as a Utah Power and Light salesman—one of those dashing Romney boys from Salt Lake.

Marriage, California, and most-welcomed motherhood occupied her next decade. Because of the Depression, things were tight, but Almera had never known affluence. Tragedy struck again as first a family business and her husband Clyde's health failed, and economic necessity caused her to re-enter the teaching profession in 1946. Her experience was completely different from what it had been in Manti. Now she was a wife and the mother of three, and the school in Monrovia, California, was composed of minority students. Her brilliance and dedication as an educator were still intact, however, and three years later she was again principal, scrambling through graduate courses at night and during summers to update her credentials.

For seventeen years, Almera was the "boss" at Huntington School. Even though her husband died during those years, she put both daughters through private universities, educated a whole generation of Monrovia's minority youngsters, and became a pioneering voice for human rights and equality of education in Monrovia. During the last seven years of her career in education, she completely re-vamped the educational program at another Monrovia elementary school, introducing original concepts in ability grouping, teacher specialization, and reading techniques. This time period also saw her youngest child through Stanford, a mission, and law school. Her first year of retirement was his first year of practice.

A treasured reminder of her years as a Mormon administrator in Monrovia is her framed

1971 Dialogue award (first prize, religious literature) for her essay "All Children Are Alike Unto Me," based on her Huntington School experiences.*

Almera A. Romney retired as a Monrovia principal nine years ago. Her home, which she bought herself, is filled with mementos of a life of service: as a life-time worker in the Church, including over twenty years as Monrovia Ward's Gospel Doctrine class teacher; as founder and first president of Monrovia's Human Relations Committee; as PTA life member and honoree; as the kind of teacher that students and co-workers still keep in touch with even from fifty years ago.

Now confined to a wheelchair following a stroke last fall, she has the time, if not the inclination, to rest on her laurels. *Exponent II* wanted to ask Almera about her life and times:

Exponent: Your life has not been the "typical" Mormon woman's life. Did you feel that you were "different" in some way while you were growing up?

Almera: Yes, I did feel different. I was always tall for my age, and felt myself to be skinny and unappealing. Clever clothing for adolescents had not yet been designed! My intellectual bent made my interests different from those of others my age. My best friends were the librarian and the high school principal. While I was in school, I was often used to tutor the slower children—a practice I abhor. I dreamed of a more challenging environment, which didn't materialize for me for many years.

Exponent: I've heard you say that you didn't choose education; it chose you because there wasn't much else for a girl to do in those days. Would you consider it now, or would you choose something else?

Almera: That's difficult to answer at my time of life. I learned to love education—both teaching and administration. It never ceased to be a fresh challenge to me. But there are aspects of education now of which I strongly disapprove: 1) Giving administrative credentials to those who have the ability to sit through and endure boring, inane classes, while talented, brilliant people are ignored and must work under these pseudo-educators; 2) Lowering standards in home and society which reflect student behavior, and the lack of courage on the part of administrators and parents to demand higher standards; 3) Too much interference from national and state regulatory officials, which generates red tape that limits educational creativity. I have always maintained that school should be a happy place for both pupils and teachers.

I had few, if any other choices when I began teaching. I had some mathematical ability, and creative writing has been very appealing to me. At times I thought that I'd like to



have been a pediatrician. But education is now my first love.

Exponent: Circumstances seem to have pushed you into being, for much of your life, what the world calls "a career woman." Would you have chosen that role for yourself, do you suppose, and do you have any regrets about being a working mother for many years?

Almera: I think I would have chosen not to return to the working world as soon as I did, since my only regret is not being able to spend as much time as I would have liked with my children, especially my son, who was three when I had to return to work. I still recall how difficult it was for me to leave him, and how bitterly I regretted not being with him until he reached school age. Other than that, I enjoyed my dual role, strenuous and demanding as it was. And I treasure the precious and enduring friendships that developed through my professional life—with both pupils and fellow workers. They still add interest and happiness to my life.

Exponent: What do you consider to be the single greatest accomplishment in your lifetime?

Almera: My greatest accomplishment is raising and helping to educate three wonderful, thoughtful, and kind children, devoted to Church and community service. All other accomplishments fade by comparison, especially when I see my grandchildren developing the same fine qualities. An eternal family becomes very meaningful when one's days are numbered.

Mary Ellen Romney MacArthur
Pasadena, California

*"All Children Are Alike Unto Me" was published in the special "Women's Edition" of *Dialogue*, Vol. VI, No. 2 (Summer 1971), p. 53

"Integrated School System" cont.

Exponent: In defense of the parents, raising a large family of small children is a great responsibility. People really wonder if the schools are safe. Taking risk yourself is one thing, but should you risk the safety of your children?

Derek: It's the parents' responsibility to bring the kid up, no matter what environment he's in at school, in a manner that he should be brought up. It's all the parents' responsibility, and if you don't have responsible parents, you won't have responsible kids.

Jane: It comes down to the same thing: you get what you're looking for, no matter where you are, as far as academics, as far as social status, or whatever are concerned. If you have parents who bring you up the way some of them do, you will be poorly adjusted no matter where you live. So I think it comes down to the basic question: are you a good parent?

Lori: There is some responsibility for being a good kid, too!

Jane: You have to learn from your parents how to be a good kid, and if you can learn, then you start looking for what you want in your school, what you want in your life, what you want socially.

John: I want to tell something to the mothers out there. All Mormon mothers want to protect their kids. They don't want them to be hurt. But there comes a point in time when mothers just have to let their kids go.

Lori: They're going to have to get hurt some time.

John: Mothers have got to give the kids a little freedom. I know it is very hard for mothers to do that, but they must realize that someday the kids have to break the ties—they have to think for themselves. If they have faced the world during this nurturing period, they will be better off.

Exponent: To sum up, what would you say are the advantages of being alumni of the Pasadena school system?

Lori: You start to think of people as individuals rather than just as members of a group.

Derek: You get a lot of experience in tasting other cultural flavorings. I feel sorry for my brother [a graduate of Salt Lake schools]. He never had the opportunities I have had to mix with blacks, and he never could understand how things were. Now he's in Chicago on his mission, and his first area was deep in one of the ghettos. It was a terrible experience for

him. When he used to come down here, his attitude was, "Why do you let them get away with it? We keep them in their place." There is a lot of racial prejudice in Salt Lake based on misconceptions.

Jane: I think that the most valuable gift that the Pasadena School District has given to us is that we can see the differences between individuals. If Derek hadn't come here, he would never have been able to see a black person as anything but a stereotype.

Derek: Just like someone who doesn't know what a Mormon is . . .

Jane: Yeah—they don't know how to react around someone who seems different from the way they are. A lot of non-members stereotype Mormons in the same way. Going to school here has given us the opportunity to see a different culture and thus feel more comfortable with it. We can see other black people as . . .

Lori: People!

Jane: Yes, as individuals, not as a group.

Mary Ellen MacArthur
Pasadena, California

Refreshment

Resignation

I was five months with child by a man other than my estranged husband as I approached the lectern to deliver the Relief Society spiritual living lesson entitled "Repentance." The lesson matter for that year had a decided moral tone, reiterating in unequivocal terms the standards by which Mormons have always been identified. I subscribed to those standards, and had covenanted not to breach them. I had borne testimony to their truthfulness, and had experienced inspiration concerning them from the Holy Ghost--both as a teacher and a listener.

I was able to endure this last teaching experience in the Relief Society with any grace and effectiveness only because I had already decided to see my bishop and request trial of my membership. That evening I urged the sisters to do the same in cases of moral transgression. I could still testify of the importance of repentance as a new beginning, a healing process available through the atonement of Jesus Christ, because I had determined this as the only acceptable course for myself. A secondary reason for requesting the Bishop's Court was to exhibit to those members whom I had taught that I continued to acknowledge the truthfulness of those teachings by submitting willingly to authority and accepting discipline.

Support

My bishop advised me that the court proceedings should be regarded with the same sacredness as a patriarchal blessing--a private event for my own benefit, not to be made common by discussion. Therefore, I shall refrain from describing details and discuss only general reactions from ward members.

Even though the bishop said that I would encounter an outpouring of love from ward members, I was girded for hostility and criticism. During the court, however, I was not prepared for one brother's reaction to my situation. He asked if I intended keeping the child. I was stunned. I had never considered the alternative. The question might rightly arise in the case of a fifteen-year-old girl living in her parents' home, but I was a thirty-four-year old woman who already had a child. The brother then questioned, out of personal curiosity, whether the father was a particular individual whom he named. The bishop quickly interposed that the question was inappropriate as well as immaterial, and instructed the clerk to strike it from the minutes.

The day that the excommunication was announced to priesthood quorums, I made it a point to attend Sunday School and Sacrament meeting so that my own attitude toward the process would be evident. I hoped to avoid the feelings of betrayal which some members might feel if I had skulked away to another area with transparent excuses for the move. A missionary farewell was the focus of that particular Sacrament meeting, and at its conclusion I spoke to the new missionary as I would have ordinarily, only to watch his demeanor change and his body recoil as though he feared succumbing to my disease. I attributed his reaction both to disappointment at my failure to live up to his image of me and to his youthfulness.

By and large, however, it was the bishop's prediction, not mine, which was borne out: members' reactions were eminently kind. The Sunday that my excommunication was announced, members called all that day and through the week, offering whatever I might need. Our Sunday School teacher, an obstetrician, came to see me, bringing friendship and pre-natal vitamins. Many people offered to provide transportation to the hospital when the time came or to tend my seven-year-old son during my hospital stay. Later on, several sisters helped with those ordinary homemaking tasks that overwhelm new mothers. I was very moved by these genuine gestures of sisterhood.

In addition, several different sisters offered to give me a baby shower. I declined vehemently, feeling that it would be in poor taste. Eventually I was persuaded that the event would be a gathering of friends, not a feting of an excommunicant. The shower was an exceptionally lovely affair, with many people attending and bringing the most diverse and extraordinary gifts.

Withdrawal

After the usual adjustment to a new baby had worn into a familiar routine, subtle changes in my attitude caused me to withdraw from the mainstream of church activity. In retrospect, I can see several reasons for this. The most obvious one is the official loss of privileges--garments cannot be worn, tithing cannot be paid, the Sacrament cannot be taken. In case there is any question, a letter from the bishop informs the former member that her new status entitles her to no claim on the Church whatever. One becomes a spectator in a very painful way which is not experienced by an investigator or by a visitor to the Church.

A second reason for this withdrawal is the loss of the Holy Ghost. Though this loss is not immediately appreciated, it becomes more apparent when one is in need of an extra source of instruction, comfort, or direction. Once, for example, while I was alone pondering an idea, I went to a lesson manual from which I had once taught a lesson on the subject. Reviewing the marginal notes, underlined passages and references would normally conjure up memories of the ideas I had thought about and presented. This time, however, it was like reading a foreign language written by another hand. I could not even understand it. This shocking experience plunged me into an abyss of isolation for a long time.

A third reason for my gradual withdrawal was the gradual reduction of support from ward members. The flurry of attention surrounding the birth of my second son would be difficult for any ward to sustain. My situation at that point paralleled that of the young Latter-day Saint widow. At the time of death, friends and members are nearly over-solicitous, but they are soon impatient to see evidence of the tears drying and life resuming a predictable course. The widow's healing relieves onlookers of further intimacy and responsibility. Although no one was ever rude, I perceived an awkwardness in others when they were in my presence. The discomfort I perceived in others in my company ultimately impelled me to refrain from attending meetings.

Through a gross misunderstanding, my visiting teachers were asked to stop coming; my home teachers ceased visiting as well. I learned of deaths or births in the ward only through testimony meetings or announcements from the pulpit, whereas previously I had always helped out at these events. I was never invited to participate in any compassionate service or to help with simple affairs, such as luncheon committees.

Settling In

I married the father of my second child during this period. Though my husband is not a Latter-day Saint and I had previously been married in the temple, this was my first real commitment to marriage and to my mate. We did not marry as a concession to social pressure or as an act of repentance, but out of a desire to forge a new bond.

It was a time of settling in--of helping my eldest son feel secure that this family, which soon included a third son, would be permanent, and of determining the character my husband and I wanted our family to assume. I prepared my eldest son for baptism. I decided to attend the general meetings regularly. I was still, however, reluctant to petition for rebaptism at this time for fear of wreaking havoc on this new family by the conflicting schedules and neglect which can arise out of Church commitments.

Metamorphosis

Ultimately I decided to trust my Heavenly Father to inspire me in ordering my priorities. We tried our own brand of home evening. I began to attend meetings more regularly--partly to test reactions at home, partly to show its importance to me, partly to smooth the transition to the activity commensurate with membership.

I arranged for the initial interview with the bishop. It was a fruitful meeting. He helped me to focus my perspective; he reviewed my progress from the past to the present, and speculated about my future as a result of this interview.

He helped me to separate the spiritual from the mechanical processes involved in repentance and rebaptism. Finally, he counseled me to pray for a feeling of peace, so that I would understand the nature of the offense and would know forgiveness.

The bishop's words were the singular advice I needed to begin a scouring, total repentance from sexual compromise. For several days following the interview, I tried to cultivate the attitude of prayer, since the occasion seemed too important to approach casually. However, managing uninterrupted time alone for deep prayer was more difficult than I had ever supposed. By the third day, still having found no opportunity for prayer, I was overwhelmed by an immobilizing despair I had never known. There was no one I cared to share this burden with, least of all my husband, since I felt sure he could not understand. But when he returned home, he quickly sensed my mood, and I disclosed to him my thoughts, and in the process learned a valuable lesson. He offered me a few words of counsel and a great deal of solace, which dispelled my gloom entirely.

It occurred to me for the first time that a wife is urged to seek these benefits from her husband not because his priesthood confers them, but because they spring out of the profound caring and trust that underlie a good marital relationship. This experience added a new dimension to our life, while removing a great obstacle in my path.

During that night, I was awakened by our youngest boy. As I returned to bed, I could not sleep because of the impression that this was the opportunity to pray I had looked for. I got up and went into another room, where I began the first real yearning supplication to the Father I had ever offered. For the first time, my needs were answered while I prayed; it was a unique learning experience.

It had been difficult for me to place my broken covenants in an eternal perspective both because of the acceptability--and even promulgation--of moral license in the world today, and because I was extraordinarily happy in my circumstances, which had come about only because of grievous transgression. I had had no remorse, and did not know how to feel it. To help me see the enormity of the act and the extent of the blessings and opportunities I had sacrificed, I asked for some degree of understanding of the terrible price paid by the Savior in the Garden for my error of judgment. In reply, I felt a sense of the profound love of Jesus Christ for me, and for all of us. That love compelled Him to undergo suffering I was spared from comprehending by virtue of that very suffering. I also better comprehended the love of His Father for all of us, since I realized that He willingly sacrificed this unique Son for multitudes who would mindlessly abuse the gift--as I had.

Now understanding better the cost of my redemption from the claims of justice, I began to sense that I had always underestimated the value of my spirit. My feeling of self-worth assumed a fresh significance, and I knew that it was possible for me to make choices that would allow me to re-enter the Father's presence. Other impressions relevant to my husband, my family, and my personal life were given to me.

This single experience left me feeling new, restored to innocence, and filled with tremendous energy to begin setting my house in order. For the first time, I desired to covenant with the Father that if He would warn me through the Holy Ghost of pending temptation, I would heed that warning.

Once I resented having to cope with trying situations, whether self- or otherwise induced. Now I know that just as the wise virgins could not impart of their lamp oil to their ill-prepared sisters, our Heavenly Father does us no service to give virtues as gifts. Instead, he sends us, out of love, the tools for arduously perfecting the attributes necessary for godhood.

Having learned of Heavenly Father's remarkable love for me, I am able to declare mine for Him, and continue to work at perfecting until I can sit down with my family in His presence and feel comfortable there.

Name Withheld

Book Reviews

The Making of a Bookaholic

My life-shaping love of books is inextricably bound, I think, to a special summer and a special place. When I was twelve, I spent a vacation in Provo at my Cheever grandparents' home. The "old house" was of logs, and was used as an adjunct to Grandpa's nursery. The "new house," made of adobe, was built before my mother was born in 1876. By my upish standards, it was a tiny house. There was a living room from which opened three bed-sized rooms. There was a kitchen with no running water, but with the special convenience of an open well right in the middle of the room. I don't remember where we ate, but I distinctly remember Grandma's steak and kidney pies, her Yorkshire puddings, and excellent trifles. From the kitchen one entered a quiet, secret place--Sam's place. Sam was the ninth child in the family; Mama was the tenth. Sam was a wanderer and seldom needed his room--never after I was big enough to remember, because he died in some far-away place. Sam's room was converted to what in that tiny house was least expected--a library. That summer my ancient grandfather introduced me to the real meaning of books.

Oh, I had met books before. I read before I entered school, and books were everywhere in our house. The winter I had rheumatic fever, Mama kept me in bed by reading non-stop to me. First we read all of the children's books in the small town library. Then Mama read to me the authors she enjoyed: Grace S. Richmond, Gene Stratton Porter, and the others who wrote "nice" books that would be simple for teens today. Despite this exposure, I had never really become "involved" with books.

The books in Sam's room were not meant for children, but that didn't worry Grandpa. He had never really understood kids. Once he had said how high I could count. I followed him around his garden, counting. I reached a thousand, but when I started "One thousand one, one thousand two," he bribed me to stop with a fuzzy, sticky peppermint from his pocket. But at twelve, I was no longer a child in his eyes--practically as old as his daughter Sarah had been when she married. I was old enough to share book enjoyment. So we went together into Sam's room.

First Grandpa showed me the terrifying illustrations in the big red volumes of *The Divine Comedy*, but the English translation was too difficult for me. He sketched part of the story as we looked at the pictures.

Next he drew out a copy of *The Old Curiosity Shop*. Dickens soon had me in his grip. I lived with Little Nell in the gloomy atmosphere of the musty shop. I tended her grandfather with devotion, and trailed with them through England looking for a haven. I was relieved to find a home near a churchyard, and I cried desolately when Little Nell died just before she could be rescued by a rich grand-uncle.

Because I read every spare minute, I had soon finished the book and was sitting cross-legged on the floor before Grandpa, discussing with him what poverty really was like and what Adam Smith felt about the *Wealth of Nations*. We talked about why people gamble, especially with borrowed money, and why Little Nell had to die when she was so very loving and good.

Next Grandpa suggested his favorite, *Nicholas Nickleby*, and just before my vacation was over, *Oliver Twist* and *Little Dorrit*. When I got home, I was delighted to find that my parents had a whole set of Dickens. I launched into *Dombey and Sons*; how I suffered with Florence whose father hated her because she was "only" a girl. I was overcome with a feeling of guilt because my father had prayed for a boy before I was born. I next began *A Child's History of England*, which critics have rated as a failure, but which was wonderful to me. I think that book was one of the forces that impelled me to spend my life in the study of history.

I have often thought about that sudden interest in Dickens--my first adult reading. I had read *The Five Little Peppers* and had been sorry that my family wasn't poor so that I could lead a more pleasant life. I had read *The Little Colonel* series and had been sorry that I didn't have a Southern grandfather to give me such advantages. Of course, I had read *Little Women* and had been angry at the author for giving Laurie to Amy instead of to Jo, and for letting Beth die when she could have avoided it. Maybe all of this led up to the magic of Sam's room.

I have wondered what makes a bookaholic. First, I am sure, is reading readiness. This includes the ability to read rapidly with retention and comprehension, and a background of books as part of life. Next, a time must be made available when there is nothing pressing that must be done. Third, someone who knows the same books to discuss evolving ideas with must be willing to share them. And finally, plenty of books need to be available.

With these four factors in mind, I look at today's children. The schools are making a great effort to promote reading, but reading readiness doesn't need to be left to someone outside of the home. My two daughters read before they started school. I didn't use flash cards or any other "method." I simply read to them, and one evening my older daughter said, "Let me read tonight." Soon the younger sister said, "It's my turn." Children who have their own bookshelves and ready reading parents come quite naturally by both the ability to read and the ability to enjoy.

Book ownership is something special. When I was a child, Christmas always meant a carefully selected book. When I was seven, I sent a poem to "The Children's Budget Box, a department of the *Juvenile Instructor*. My prize was Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales*. Mama copied my verse on the flyleaf, and Papa read me a story from it each Sunday. How I loved that book.

Of course, there are those children who have special problems, which should be diagnosed as early as possible and treated with special skill. But a large majority of children can learn to read as easily as they learn to talk. Children will come in contact with beautiful books at school. A "library day," when Mother takes the child to the library and allows each to browse and select a book he wants to take home, is a pleasant family experience.

There was no television to steal our time when I was a child. There were many more household chores, however. We washed dishes and swept floors, ironed even the dishtowels, and churned butter. Then there was an hour of piano practice and, in our family, ballet practice. We needed time to walk the rail of our picket fence, climb trees, and make angels in the snow. We played Run, Sheepie, Run or Steal the Sticks in the twilight. But there was always time for books.

The most important thing that I learned in Sam's room is that reading spearheads ideas, and books can bring about thoughtful communication between readers. I can still feel myself sitting on the floor in Sam's room, gazing up at Grandpa. I didn't see an eighty-eight year old man with thinning, scraggly hair, one blind eye, and a body that needed the support of two hands on a cane handle even when he was seated. I saw a companion who cared about Little Nell or poor unfortunate *Oliver Twist* as I did; who cared as much about the feel of poverty, the suffering of the innocent as I did; and who had as much concern for the exploited and for the wickedness of the exploiters as I did. And we, twelve and almost ninety, were the same age for a time.

My daughter, Samellyn, and I have kept up the sharing of reading and the ideas which are generated by it. When she was at BYU, we called her weekly to keep in touch. She would tell me what she was reading and ask me to be sure to read or reread the same books so we could talk about them together when she came home for the holiday.

The fourth ingredient in this recipe for a deeper life through involvement with books is plenty of books. The simplest way of finding good books is to consult your librarian or the person in charge of children's books at a reputable book store. More interested parents will want to read *The Horn Book* and *Publishers' Weekly*. Some newspapers, *The New York Times* for example, occasionally have an excellent page of reviews.

In an attempt to help parents of adolescent children, I have looked through the lists of Church publishers, hoping to find some good pieces of fiction which have both a valuable theme and a strong dramatic and suspenseful story. I put together the following list from my research:

One More Flight, Eve Bunting's much-praised and often-prized story (Warne Publishers) is about eleven year old Dobby, who has run away from a center for disturbed children. He meets nineteen-year-old Timmer, who rehabilitates injured eagles and hawks referred to him by state and federal fish and game departments. At the barn which is Timmer's treatment center, Dobby learns a great deal about both birds of prey and about people, including a frightening experience with poachers and violence which forces him to reevaluate himself. He learns what Timmer already knew, that freedom is only good when one is prepared for it.

Under the Same Stars by Dean Hughes (Deseret Book) is an historical novel whose hero, Joseph, is the same age as Dobby. The action takes place in Jackson County, Missouri, during the time that the Latter-day Saints were trying to make Jackson County the central stake of Zion. The book gives an excellent picture of the Prophet Joseph, of Bishop Partridge and other historical characters. Readers will love Joseph, who is brave, though scared to death, in a time of rough trappers and frontiersmen. The book's only flaw is that sometimes the research crests over the movement of the story, a fault common to all historical fiction for children, since the real action must be between adults.

Charlie's Monument by Blaine M. Yorgason (Bookcraft) is an allegory which is told most of the time as a legend, a style suitable to the material. Charlie, like most of us, is trying to make his life a monument. From the opening chapter, my grandsons, aged fourteen and sixteen, thought the book was going to be about about the mother, and they weren't interested. Despite this flaw of beginning from the point of view of the mother and then later going into the omniscient viewpoint of the legend, the author capsulates the entire story into a didactic poem before the story begins, which both my grandsons and I objected to.

As for non-fiction: *If I Obey I'll be Happy All Day*, by Peggy Barton, illustrated by Carol Hatch (Bookcraft), and *My Body is a Temple*, by George Bickerstaff, illustrated by Keith Christensen (Bookcraft), are illustrated, dramatized sermons. These are technically called "concept books." Such books are valuable as teaching aids, but they aren't captivating as plotted stories are. *If I Obey* has a "story" within a "story" which is confusing to both listeners and readers, but it is charmingly illustrated.

Others by Blaine M. and Burton G. Yorgason (Bookcraft) reminded me of my own days as an Institute teacher. The book is well-organized and well-developed. The testimonies are so much like the ones I heard from my classes that I feel sure that young people will feel that the book is just for them. I expect to hear many of the stories repeated in inspirational talks in Sunday School and Sacrament meeting.

Helen Hinckley Jones
Pasadena, California



Book Reviews Cont.

How Do Your Children Grow?

Parenting: Four Patterns for Child Rearing, Samellyn Wood, Roger Bishop and Davene Cohen, Hart Publishers, Inc. New York City, hard and soft cover.

Parenting might have been better named *Be a Better Parent in Your Own Way*. Thoughtful parents have read book after book telling them of the one way to rear children. These writers, working for the Rural Education Program, Northwest Regional Education Laboratory, worked with parents and children in their own homes and discovered that where there was love and consistency in child rearing, many methods worked well. What was important was for parents and children to feel comfortable and secure in the method used.

The three authors understand that all parents want to be successful. They want to give emotional support and nurturing as readily as they give food and shelter. They also know that most parents appreciate guidance. This book gives that guidance in an easily read form with plenty of real life experiences as illustrations.

The authors studied all of the parenting they came in contact with and decided that the way parents went about rearing their children could fit loosely into four categories. Each pattern has its values and its problems, and each tends to produce predictable results.

Pattern One parents take full responsibility for their children. They are benevolent despots, using their authority to direct the child's behavior. They reinforce their teachings with rewards and punishments. Some authorities believe that living in a home completely dominated by the parent like this gives a child a great sense of security.

A Pattern One child is obedient, courteous and respectful. He has a strong desire to fulfill his parents' hopes for him, and is extremely competitive. When a Pattern One child is restless in church, the parent takes him out, punishes him, brings him back. He may do this again and again until the child learns to behave. The child may learn to behave, but he doesn't learn to love going to church or to associate it with love and happiness. Obeying orders rather than thinking for himself may not prepare him to have the courage to make choices when choices are necessary.

If you are a Pattern One parent, you will find in the book a great deal of self-help in applying the behavior-molding principles of the plan.

Pattern Two parents believe in the innate goodness of man. They believe it is their responsibility to provide the environment in which each child can develop naturally. They know what to expect of children at different stages of their development, and accept the uniqueness of each child. They expect children to be children and not tiny adults.

Children reared in this pattern are unself-conscious and open, with self-awareness and self-understanding. They are also assertive and impulsive. In this pattern, the parent is often too permissive and does not protect his own rights. If Pattern Two is your natural way, the book gives guidance in knowing what to expect at each stage of development and how to cope with periods of inequilibrium.

Pattern Three parents are individuals who set goals for themselves and their children. They believe in the democratic tradition and take pride in group achievement. The home environment is structured to meet that goal. Responsibilities are assigned to children as soon as they are ready. They become competent and self-motivated. They are productive and reliable. They learn through participation in the democratic family what is best for them and for the group. The tendency of the goal-oriented family is, however, to overstructure the time, experience, and even the environment of the children.

Pattern Four, in spite of their attempts to be unbiased, seems to be the authors' favorite pattern. This is the only part of the book that is difficult to follow. It seems to the lay reader to include parts of Patterns Two and Three with a little plus. Pattern Four parents work hard at understanding themselves and their children. They realize that they, as well as their children, are still growing. They relate to their children as they do to their peers. They don't care much what other people think.

Pattern Four children are creative, imaginative, self-reliant. They want to understand everything they see or hear. They are not always obedient, nor well-behaved, but they are wise for their years and know how to take care of themselves.

It will help parents to know that there are alternative, acceptable plans for child rearing. The bibliography, which classifies suggested reading under the four plans, is very helpful. Thinking parents may find that parts of all four methods are incorporated in their very own way of bringing their children "up in the way they should go."

History Misshapen

Destiny's Children, G.M. Warren, Pocket Books, New York, 1976, \$2.50.

"The history of the Mormons belongs to all of us in these United States." So writes G.M. Warren, author of *Destiny's Children*, an historical romance built around the Mormons' fight for freedom.

Mr. Warren, a non-Mormon, admits that he has shaped history to conform to the story line of his book. At times, the facts are distorted. At other times, where there are two versions of an historical event, he unhesitatingly chooses the one which suits him best.

A Mormon must keep these confessions in mind as he starts to read this book. Only then can he or she accept it for what it really is -- a fast-moving, action-filled narrative centered around the events in Nauvoo in the fateful year of 1844. It is not a Church history, and in many cases it is not an accurate representation of Church members.

A non-Church member may not be offended at the literary license that Mr. Warren has taken. He may not be offended as he reads the X-rated scenes. He may not be revolted at the bestial qualities of some of the characters, or grow impatient with the un-saintlike traits of a few of the Church members. But LDS people will be offended, revolted, and impatient.

Mr. Warren does try to present Joseph Smith as a real person. The Prophet has doubts and

faults, he is torn with indecision. What does he owe to himself? To his family? To the Church? He may have been wracked with his own personal problems, but to his followers he appeared to be a rock-solid, dependable, un-failing. His death threw the Saints into confusion, almost panic, as they desperately searched for a new leader.

The main fictional character, Jubal Dodge, enters Nauvoo during this troubled period, seeking his long lost brother. He finds that brother, only to lose him again. In his place, he discovers a new family, a new faith, and Charity Forsyth. He proves himself worthy of the blessings of the Church by providing leadership and inspiration when the Saints needed it most.

The basic problem with *Destiny's Children* is that Mr. Warren was trying to write both a Church history and an historical romance. There have been several excellent novels which have been enjoyed by both Church members and non-Church members, but the historical romance is not an historical novel. It is a totally different genre. The reader of an historical romance is looking for seduction, rape, and violence. If this book hadn't been written under the guise of sharing the history of the Mormon Church with the people of the United States, it would have been as popular with some readers as the fast reading, fast selling books of Patricia Matthews.

Margaret Poynter
Altadena, California



Courtyard of a California adobe house

—A Friendly Meeting—

We have been amazed at how little meaningful contact there is between the substantial-sized groups of Quakers and Mormons in Whittier. Although having many similar values and standards, each group generally fails to appreciate the unique heritage of the other--including a history of persecution and of founding new areas in order to be able to worship in peace.

Our own little project of obtaining better communication and understanding between the two groups has been through participation in the Whittier Historical Society. The boundaries of Whittier have been extended in post-World War II years to include portions of former Spanish and Mexican land-grant ranches, but it is understandable that the Society's emphasis has been to preserve the history of the quaint community founded against the slopes of the Puente Hills almost a century ago by the members of the Society of Friends. Descendants of many of the founding settlers still reside in Whittier.

These emigrants from the Midwest named their new settlement after John Greenleaf Whittier. While one no longer sees the plain Quaker dress and bonnet or hears a "thee" or "thou" on the streets of Whittier, residents of all faiths are aware of the city's heritage. The two Friends congregations have imposing edifices. Instead of the meditative and self-directed services of the traditional Quaker meeting-house, the Friends in Whittier have ministers, expensive organs, choirs and Christian Endeavor groups similar to a typical Protestant church.

A small LDS Sunday School in Whittier was organized as a branch in 1930. A new chapel dedicated in 1950 served the Whittier Ward of approximately 500 members. Presently within the boundaries of the original ward is the Whittier Stake with six flourishing wards housed in three buildings. The membership includes wage earners whose business and professional careers are based in Whittier, as well as those who drive daily to Los Angeles or to the industrial areas west and south of Whittier.

Obviously there is some contact between individual Mormons and Quakers in business, civic and social relationships. A recent experience in cooperation of Mormon, Quaker, and other religious groups resulted from concerns about the infiltration into the community by purveyors of pornography. A well-attended meeting to hear legislators and civic leaders discuss this problem was held in the Whittier Stake Center, probably the first time that most of those Quakers present had been in an LDS building.

Plans were announced in June, 1979, for a fund-raising drive to build a Whittier Historical Museum for preservation of historical items still in existence, in addition to the memorabilia already displayed in the home of Whittier's first settler and in the former ranch home of Governor Pio Pico. The goal is to complete the museum for the celebration of Whittier's centennial. We hope that we can convince other active LDS members to participate in this project. If we succeed, perhaps a better understanding and appreciation can develop between these two unique groups in Whittier.

Dorothy and Stan Hall
Whittier, California

Frugal Housewife

When the Illusion Eludes You, or: Do You Care About the Wash?

I'm always surprised by the number of people who care about the wash. You know, the ones in those Clorox commercials where the mother is asked whether her family cares about the wash and she says they don't. But of course when they are confronted with the clothes washed with Clorox added to the water and compare them to those washed in whatever's-on-sale-without-any-additives, they emphatically declare that they *do* care about the wash.

The fact is, they've probably cared about the wash for a long time and have suffered untold embarrassments by having to wear those tattle-tale gray clothes that Mother has been putting out for them. They'll probably lie on an analyst's couch some day, bemoaning her neglect.

It all seems very symbolic to me, and I've been getting the fall-aparts about it for some time. I've wondered if I've been guilty of neglecting something important to the quality of my family's life together. I don't know why the mother in the commercial puts out a dingy wash, but my excuse is that I've been too busy pursuing my own interests, fulfilling myself, doing my own thing. But were my husband and daughter as thrilled over seeing my name in print as they would be seeing the beauty of the mountains behind us if I washed the windows regularly? Should I be concerned over it?

To tell the truth, when I first got married, I cared about the wash. I was working full time, but with just my husband and me in a small apartment in Denver, I kept up with all the necessary housework. I grew up in the days when every girl was expected to keep a proper household running smoothly at all times. Back in my little Idaho town we were still a mere baby-step away from the pioneer era, where a woman got out and dragged the plow, if necessary, for the good of the family unit. I had been reared by a mother who was independent-minded and insisted on claiming a patch of time now and then for her own pursuits, but she also housecleaned twice a year, aired the bedding regularly, maintained two raspberry patches, an orchard, and a large vegetable garden whose produce we ate fresh in the summer and preserved in the winter. She canned, fed haying crews, made and mended clothing, cared for a flock of chickens whose eggs she gathered, cleaned and sold, and then just to make sure she was doing her part, she served as Relief Society president. In the midst of all this, she kept our modest farmhouse crisp-curtained and fresh-sheeted at all times, creating an illusion of comfort and coziness and good living even though she never had the money for really nice furniture or fine decorations. I remember that childhood home with great pleasure.

And so, when I got married I felt like a regular sloth with just that three-room apartment to maintain, and I scrubbed, waxed, dusted, and polished faithfully every Saturday morning. I made sure I could see my sweaty face in my sparkling dishes and floors and table tops. Housework took top priority. On the Sabbath I gazed at my shining rooms and assured myself that I was fulfilling my destiny. But even as I took pleasure in the results of my diligence, I kept asking myself, "Is this all there is?"



We moved to New York in quest of higher education, and we added a larger apartment and a long subway ride to work and school and church. I began taking writing classes at City College of New York. I pinched time from the hours left over after work and church duties were done to polish phrases and wax eloquently in my house of fiction.

When a beautiful baby daughter arrived, I worked only part-time, but continued to write. The housework started hitting the skids.

By the time we moved to Southern California, I had discovered there was somebody out there who wanted to buy my stories. Exit the wash. I became a "closet messy," letting things go until the day my Visiting Teachers were due and then giving myself whiplash snapping around trying to be an instant Mrs. Clean.

But those years of conditioning in Mutual classes and my mother's energetic example roosted like accusing ravens over my inadequate housekeeping. Guilt accumulated as thick as the dust on my coffee table. I kept telling myself that I didn't care, that even if I spent the whole day cleaning my house it would be dirty again before the week was out, whereas my stories would survive as long as the paper they were printed on did.

But then I wondered if I might be neglecting something eternal by not setting a proper example for my daughter. What is the proper example? Cleanliness is next to godliness? (How much cleanliness, which equals how many hours spent achieving it?) Or spend your time pursuing your own interests? (Would that make her into one of those self-serving-me-firsters?)

It took a while for me to figure out how to balance the time I spent at my typewriter with time spent Mop and Glowing my floors, Lemon Pledging my old roll-top desk, and Liquid Plumbing my drains. This seems to be the answer for me. Certain things must be done to maintain the type of household I can live with and my family can be happy with. I can't afford a cleaning lady, so I must find time to do them.

Just as I once stole minutes from my work and household duties to write, now I deduct time from my literary endeavors to clean a closet or scrub a floor or occasionally even scour my tile and grout. Even one thing done a day works wonders and doesn't take that much time. I also schedule time once in a while to bake bread, try a new recipe from the *Los Angeles Times* Thursday Food Section, make peach or boysenberry jam or pomegranate jelly from our back yard produce, sew new covers for some cushions in the family room, or redecorate a bedroom by making new curtains and tie-quilting a bedspread. These are skills that are important to me, skills I want to pass on to my daughter just as my mother passed them on to me.

I have never quite captured that crisp-curtained coziness that my mother achieves even now in her late 70's, but my home is fresher and cheerier than it once was, and we all enjoy it.

So I have found that I *do* care about the wash--but not enough to give it top priority any more.

Lael Littke
Pasadena, California

In Lieu of Skeletons

We're commonplace people; our domicile boasts

No bones in the closets; no old family ghosts;

But there is a chance of an avalanche

From things we conceal there when we are the hosts!

Iris W. Schow
Brigham City, Utah

Female Delicacy

Above all other features which adorn the female character, delicacy stands foremost, within the provisions of good taste. Not that delicacy which is always in quest of something to be ashamed of; which makes merit blush, and simpers at the false construction her ingenuity has placed upon an innocent remark--this spurious kind of delicacy which maintains its undeviating walk among women and the society of men; which shrinks from no necessary duty, and can speak, when required, with seriousness and kindness of things on which it would be ashamed to smile or blush; that delicacy which knows how to confer a benefit without wounding the feelings of another--which gives alms without assumption, and pains not the most susceptible being in creation.

Woman's Exponent
15 December 1876



No Job for a Dingbat

Some months ago I received in the mail a lengthy survey from the graduate department at the university from which I received a Master's Degree in Counseling and Guidance about ten years ago. In an apparent attempt to update their program, they had devised a number of multiple choice questions geared toward determining which aspects of the graduate training had been most meaningful in practical experience. With one child napping and a few extra moments before my next school pick-up run, I eagerly grasped my pen. Being an opinionated person on this as well as many other subjects, I was anxious to make my thoughts known.

After moving hurriedly through the first questions regarding age, sex, and year of graduation, I quickly skipped over a large section for indicating employment experience before coming to an abrupt halt. After reading the next sentence, I put down my pen, re-folded the five or six stapled pages, and carefully placed them in the return envelope. It seems I had already given them all the information that was needed in my case. Those having no "professional" experience in the field were requested not to complete the remainder of the survey.

Although I readily understood the reasoning behind this stipulation, I caught a fleeting mental picture of a graduate student sifting through the returned questionnaires, glancing at mine, tossing it in the round file with a quick check in a column reading: "Housewives--or others whose years of training have been, to this point, of no practical benefit."

My temperature rose momentarily as I thought of the hundreds of "professional" public school counselors whose opinions would be carefully tabulated, and who, through necessity, had likely spent a good portion of their employment experiences sorting paper work, checking attendance, substituting for teachers, supervising detention, and coaching frosh football.

"Surely," I thought, "I must have accumulated at least one year's worth of 'professional' experience in all my daily personal contact with four children--my efforts to appreciate the vastly differing personality traits of each, to help each appreciate her own individuality, develop a positive self-image, and discover the best means of fulfilling her divine potential. If that couldn't qualify, what about the actual hours of one-to-one counseling spent listening to the various needs and concerns of the many young women I have worked with in my five years of ward and stake Mia Maid and Laurel assignments, or the individual tutorial sessions with children having learning difficulties, as a school volunteer, or the many times my non-judgmental listening ear has guided me through difficult visiting teaching and similar assignments?"

"Oh well," I thought, quite satisfied now in my own mind, "it would take far more than a few pages of multiple choice responses for anyone to understand how my years of graduate training have been of the highest practical benefit, or even which course offerings I have most effectively put to use." For the present, it is sufficient for me to recognize how I have benefited from my degree, so that I may continue to en-

courage my four daughters, and all other bright and interested young women with whom I have contact, to vigorously pursue the best possible academic training in any area of their choosing, even though they may feel as do I, that to be "only a housewife" is their number one priority. The rub remains, however. The long-standing "Housewife-Dingbat" philosophy is one of the problem areas that, until very recently at least, even the feminist movement has tended to promote.

When the irritation flares, I soothe myself with a favorite quote from Joseph F. Smith. Speaking of women he states: "Seek to be educated in the highest meaning of the term; get the most possible service out of your time, your body and brains, and let all your efforts be directed into honorable channels, that no effort be wasted, and no labor result in loss or evil."

It occurs to me that those not gainfully employed may find it easier to direct all efforts into "honorable channels," and that those who have the freedom to devote educational training, as well as time, body, and brains into voluntary pursuits as guided by personal interest or as prompted by their Father in Heaven, may be in a far better position to see that "no labor result in loss or evil" than are the wage-earning professionals. Heaven protect the housewife, and help her to be even better prepared to fill the many areas of voluntary service for which our families, churches, schools, and communities cry out. There is a need here for a job well done, a many-faceted, demanding position, and it's no job for a dingbat.

Marva Stowell
Pasadena, California

Fiction

The Long View

"How do you feel this morning?" Roger asks, his crisp shirt crackling as he leans over to kiss me across the protuberance that is the coming baby.

How do I feel? How can I tell him how I feel? Mountinous. Cumbersome. Mammoth. How can I explain about the pains that come and go, the dull thudding in my lower back, the sharp tweaks somewhere in my vast frontage? Discomfort, Dr. Webster says. Pains, I claim. But I am only the expectant mother. He is The Doctor.

"Pretty good, Roger," I say. How can I explain to him how it feels to have to lean backward in order to counteract the force of gravity on my swollen midsection? "I feel pretty good." I smile. "Just some twinges now and then." Right on cue, a twinge strikes and I grimace.

"Well, it won't be much longer now," Roger says. "Two or three more weeks, and then no more twinges."

I nod. "The long view." Roger claims that you can rise above anything if you take the long view.

He grins. "Right." Swooping down, he pets Schultz, the sleek, slim black cat who is snaking his elegant self in and out among our legs, and it seems to me that Schultz and Roger wink at each other in a conspiracy of arrow-thin maleness. "Gotta go," Roger says. "Take care."

He bounces out of the door and sprints down the path, happily on his way to work. I want to run after him, but feel it would be as futile as a loaded gravel truck pursuing a Ferrari. I want to go back to work, too, back to my busy office, back to people, back to the world. Instead, it's all I can do to lumber to the door and watch Roger go.

"Meow?" Schultz says, honing himself against my leg. I push him aside, shut the door, and waddle into the bedroom where I look at myself in the full-length mirror. I wish I hadn't. I look worse than I feel. Gargantuan. Elephantine. PREGNANT!

"Who decided it had to be this way?" I wail. I can't remember ever being slim. For the



first few months being pregnant was exciting, but now the thrill is gone. And as for the long view, I can't see beyond the effort it will take to clean up the breakfast dishes. "Who decided it has to take nine months?" I mutter.

Schultz strops himself against my leg again. "Meow?"

I remember I have not fed him. He purrs as I walk toward the kitchen where the food is. I look at him as he flows to his dish and squats, waiting.

"Cats do it in sixty days," I tell him. I giggle and scratch his back with my bare toes. "Think of the population problem if people could do that."

That reminds me of something. "Schultz," I say, "the time has come. You don't want to contribute to overpopulation, do you?"

I call Dr. Clark, the veterinarian. "Yes," he says, "he's the right age now. I can take him this morning if you haven't fed him already. I'll have to anesthetize him, you know."

I hang up and ignore Schultz's pleadings for food. I drape one of my tents over myself, slip on some shoes I don't have to tie, stuff the cat into his carrier, and wedge myself behind the wheel of our car. Schultz yowls and scratches inside the box.

"It'll soon be over," I tell him. "Take the long view."

At the animal hospital Dr. Clark grins as he eyes my bulk. "Taking it out on the tomcat, are you, Carol?" I want to retort that he must be some kind of psychology freak, but instead I am suddenly worried.

"This won't hurt him, will it, Doctor?"

Schultz howls from the cage where Dr. Clark has transferred him.

"Only a little discomfort," the Doctor says.

Discomfort. I know all about discomfort. I want to snatch Schultz from the cage and take him home. But that would mean future worries about his wanderings, his fights and resultant abscesses--and unwanted kittens in the neighborhood. I have had tomcats before. I harden my heart.

"See you," I say, tapping his cage.

"Mrowr." He answers forlornly.

Roger is sympathetic that night. He misses Schultz. "Poor guy," he says.

"Roger," I say, "do you think he'll be unhappy to be, you know, deprived of his natural inclinations?"

Roger pats the lump that is his heir or heiress. He grins. "I really wouldn't know."

The baby kicks and turns. An elbow jabs something vital. I jump and must look startled.

"Smile, honey," Roger says. "Tomorrow will be a better day."

It isn't. The baby starts shifting around about 5:00 a.m. and I can't sleep. I think about Schultz. I'm glad I had him neutered.

The Neighborhood Rabbit

There was no doubt about it--the crib needed painting. It was peeling, and the rabbit decal was chipping off. A quick trip to the hardware store, and there I was sanding slats and thinking naturally enough about my biological destiny, which seemed to be creating so many jobs--the holes in the Toughskins, 7-Up on the kitchen ceiling, Fisher-Price people under foot, the ever-enlarging hole in the bathroom wallpaper, and now the crib. I thought of how many of my life's activities are tied up in a never-ending struggle against the whirl and profusion of child-created clutter and disorder. And here I was, adding to it by again "fulfilling my biological destiny."

Yes, there was definitely no doubt about that, either. One downward glance told all; the secret was out. Again my thickening waist and burgeoning tummy were creating problems: how to tell my parents, what to say to my neighbors, and what to reply to the inevitable market busybody who would surely comment on the four children around the basket as well as the one in me.

I'm pregnant, and suddenly my life is everybody's business. At church sisters congratulate us and add that it did seem like time for another since our youngest was past one. Neighbors, on the other hand, question, "Another one?!" in semi-disbelief that I'm actually doing this again.

And my parents. Six years ago they had been overjoyed at the prospect of their first grandchild. By the time I was six weeks along, Mom had bought me a complete maternity wardrobe and a snowsuit for the baby. But their enthusiasm waned considerably when, three months after Jennifer's birth, we announced the impending arrival of another grandchild. By my fourth pregnancy my mother commented that we bred like rabbits, and Dad asked if we knew where they came from (presumably the children). Yes, I've decided that this time Jerry is going to tell them.

The supermarket busybody is the most difficult to parry. When we were expecting our fourth child, my friend Lani and I agreed there was no point in antagonizing the opposition by taking our young broods marketing. So we left them with our husbands and went alone, thus avoiding the stares and the "Are they all yours?" But all outings can't be avoided. If this were January in New England, I could hide out at home or venture forth under a voluminous cape as I did in Virginia.

"Long View" cont.

Now he can't get some poor female cat in the condition I'm in.

Roger whistles off to work again, and I think some more about Schultz. He was such a friendly, playful fellow. Maybe now he will get fat and grouchy and scratch the baby. Maybe we will have to get rid of him. It is all my fault. I wheeze over to the grocery store and buy some fresh liver for his homecoming. I worry about him. I wish somebody would worry about me. I am afraid of what is yet to come. "Just relax," Dr. Webster always tells me. "Having babies is the most natural thing in the world."

Schultz seems none the worse for his operation when I go to pick him up. Other than a little tail twitching, he is calm. I pay Dr. Clark and put the cat into his carrier, then clutch my back and groan as I try to lift it.

Dr. Clark takes the carrier from me and transports it to the car. "Go on home, Carol," he says. "Unless you're having kittens or puppies, I prefer not to be the attending physician."

I felt rejected. I make people nervous. I wish I could call the whole thing off. I want a baby, but I'm not sure I want to pay the price.

Schultz is happy to get home and he eats every scrap of the liver I bought, after which he curls up in his favorite chair and purrs himself to sleep.

"And I wasted sympathy on YOU," I say, disgusted.

Roger is concerned about Schultz when he gets home. "Why's he sleeping like that? Are you sure he'll be all right?"

"He's just tired," I say. "I don't think he slept well last night."



But it's January in Pasadena, and the sun is shining, pansies need tending, and the children want to go for a walk or to the park. So there I am, out for all the world to see.

Our closest neighbors try to be tactful. They like us and don't want to be too blatant in their disapproval. But as I push the stroller up the street, I realize we are the only family in two blocks with more than two children. And sometimes--with a bit of longing--I realize that I, too, would be zipping off to the tennis courts at nine if my last child were Jonathan and both my children were in school. But time does fly and all the children will be in school and I will be out there playing--in 1985.

"How time flies," my neighbor Linda exclaimed as she watched the two oldest while we sat planting begonias. "I remember when you moved in here with two little babies."

Neither did I, to tell the truth. I am tired, too. I wonder if I'll be all right.

Roger pats the cat who gives him a drowsy meow, yawns, and returns to his slumbers.

"Don't worry, fella," Roger says. "It won't make a bit of difference a hundred years from now."

"The long view," I mumble, heading toward the kitchen to put dinner on the table. "A hundred years from now, what will make a difference?" Gloomily I look ahead, down through the long tunnel of time, trying to measure a hundred years. How do you measure a hundred years? On a pedigree chart, maybe? A century ought to add at least four more generations after Roger's and my names. Our descendants. The picture in my mind looks good. I am proud to be mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, great-great-grandmother. But is that all it is, a gigantic ego trip, this reproduction of oneself?

I visualize an even bigger chart, a family tree of myriad branches, encompassing uncountable souls gone now on to eternity. No ego trip, that. A plan. Conceived before the world began and having fruition beyond its end. I am part of something vast and timeless and magnificent. My tiny sufferings qualify me to be a link in an endless chain.

"Poor Schultz," I say. "It's all over for him."

"Did you say something, honey?" Roger calls. "Are you having pains?"

"No," I say. "Just a little discomfort. In the long view."

Lael J. Little
Pasadena, California

And now you have Christopher. How do you manage so well?" She'd skipped over Jared and didn't know about "our little secret."

It's easier to counter the questions of acquaintances who are childless. They think we're nuts, anyway, and don't really expect an answer. Quite frequently they don't say anything other than "Isn't four enough?!" I get the distinct impression from Jerry's professional friends that they think he keeps his little wife barefoot and pregnant and that I really must be dumb, even for a blonde, if I keep letting this happen. No one ever thinks anyone in his or her right mind plans this sort of thing.

By this time the slats had been sanded and it was clear that spackle would be needed to fill the holes left by Jonathan's latest attempt at carpentry. My thoughts turned to all the mending and patching I do daily of woodwork, of clothes, and of feelings in an effort to keep body and soul, and home, together. Not to mention my sanity. Once I thought I had patience. That was before children; before I had been tried. Now I know what it is to struggle with myself--to try to be cheerful the morning after the night I got up six times; to control my temper at the constant little arguments as the children try to work out their problems and as they pull at me for attention; to force myself to do my work even when I feel sick. How do I do it? With lots of practice. Slowly patience, self-discipline, diligence, and cheerfulness under fire are being bred into me.

"But why do you persist?" Tonia asked as she brought down some bibs and toys her children had outgrown. This isn't a question coming from a mother who's too involved in Junior League to know what's happening with Junior. She's fully involved and committed to her family. She's at home, she talks to her kids and they talk to her. She runs a Bible study group and is active in the PTA. She loves her kids and thinks being a mother is the greatest, and wouldn't trade it for anything. And so her question is harder to answer. She, too, knows and cherishes the spontaneous warmth of little arms around her neck, the fun of discovery and sense of wonder as you watch your child explore and see yourself years before. Why do I need more than two?

That question is echoed by Robin, my neighbor catty-corner. She makes beautiful quilts on commission, edits a literary magazine, makes her children's clothes, and runs the family while her astronomer husband is up on Palomar, star-gazing. Am I taking her class on baby quilts this time around? she asks, but is also indirectly asking, why more?

Why indeed? I pondered this as I sanded the spackled patches smooth and stirred the paint, watching the twirls and circles my stick created, as I had watched the currents and eddies in a tide pool a week before.

Jerry and I had escaped to the beach and sat on the sand at dusk, watching the sun turn to orange and the birds skim the water as darkness fell. We dug our feet into the damp sand and wrapped warm arms around each other. The waves crashed and foamed at our feet, and I felt a longing to live forever, hoping our journey would be rich and long. Surely other spirits on their eternal journeys must yearn for life's experiences, for the physical beauty of mortality--even its anguish.

As I brushed on that paint and smoothed it to a glossy finish, I knew the answer to the question. This life is not a beginning, nor an ending. We know it is a part, a middle passage in eternity. Our union is the way other spirits can continue to progress. And oh, I want to share in it! I want to share the growing--the reaching toward Godhood. Our children have made me grow--look inward, test myself, discover who I am. I need to walk beside them even as I try to lead. I have friends, childless, who stretch their souls through the creation of music, poetry, and other beauties. But for me, for now, it is the children who have forced the growth, the pruning of the wildness in me to become what I was meant to be.

It was now late afternoon and the crib was finished. All in all it had been a rather satisfying day. I had completed a project and brightened up the nursery. And, as I patted the bunny into place, I too, felt brighter and lighter inside.

Barbara Bowns
Altadena, California

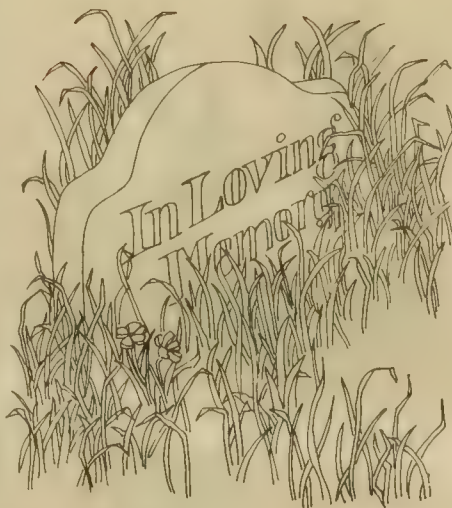
Dreaded Intruder

A lot is being said these days about coping with death and dying. Here in California, and perhaps elsewhere in the country, some high schools are offering classes which discuss death. In others, there are pilot programs where young people are trained as peer counselors on the subject.

Book publishers are asking for books dealing with understanding death and dying, especially for young people. Even *The Friend* wants stories about it.

As Mormons, we are perhaps uniquely prepared to face death and dying, yet we need help, too, since we are humans first and Mormons second.

The following are the stories of two women in the Pasadena area whose gallantry and courage in facing this dreaded intruder stand as a testament to the strength of all womankind in dealing with an often harsh world.



and come to terms with it, it's better never to retreat from that position.

"I had often wondered where people got the strength to face crises. Now I know. It's a gradual thing that grows with every prayer, every fast, every tithing check, every principle of the Gospel obeyed, every Sacrament Meeting attended. You don't realize it, but it grows, and when you need it, it is there."

Gail admits to bad times, however.

"When I'm alone late at night, or when the kids are all crying and need attention, or when I'm with the medical people who were our special friends--then it's hard."

But she looks to the future with hope and optimism. She counts her blessings--her children, her home, friends, job.

"It's a perfect job. I love flying. I get full salary for less than ten days of flying per month. I'm home with the children most of the time. I've realized the importance of women being prepared to earn a living and support their families.

"Life is good. My old world was taken away from me, and now I have to find out who this new Gail Bevans is, this single girl with four children to support. I loved the excitement of being married to Lynn. We are sealed eternally. My goal is to live so that I can be with him again."

Julie Oakley can't tell her own story because she lost her life to cancer a few years ago. But her courage still brightens the memories of those of us who knew her. She set an example of how to face death and meet it not on its terms, but on one's own.

Julie suffered from impaired health most of her life, but those around her didn't know it unless somebody else told them. Her vivacious, outgoing personality made it seem as if hers were the best of all possible worlds. She developed this bright personality in compensation for a poor self image which she suffered from in her girlhood. She grew to 5'9" very early and she felt that she was unattractive.

To offset what she considered to be her deficiencies, Julie developed a keen sense of humor and an outgoing interest in other people. These things, along with the fact that her mother had taught her that duty to God took top priority in one's life, are what helped her face her greatest challenge. As a result, Julie developed what might best be described as a real friendship with the Lord. "I often came home and thought she was talking on the telephone," Claron says, "but she was conversing with the Lord as if He walked by her side."

At the time of her marriage, Julie suffered from pernicious anemia and severe varicosities. Her various disabilities made it impossible for her to bear children, so she and Claron adopted three beautiful children. The motherhood role was one she truly enjoyed, and although she was a highly qualified speech therapist, she gave up her work to stay home and rear her children.

Julie was a model bishop's wife, devoted to the ward family and always reaching out to those who were faltering. "She was such a good example," said one friend at the time of her death. "She made being good seem so elegant, beautiful, and fun."

In her late thirties, Julie was discovered to have cancer which required radical surgery. Even then her thoughts went outward, and she prayed for survival long enough so that she could bring up the three children.

that by someone who loves you and understands you and can do it compassionately--which of course is the reason for Pan Am's refusal to break it to me cold."

Gail was in control of herself. Her first thought was for her children. "I want someone to take them away from the house before people start arriving and they sense trouble," she told the friend.

It was eight hours before she could leave Hawaii. All the flights were full to capacity. Finally a compassionate pilot said she couldn't possibly miss the last flight, and he let her ride in the cockpit.

"I spent the time planning the funeral--who would speak, what music. The Holy Ghost was keeping me together. I made lists of what I needed to take care of--bank accounts, insurance, house payments. I thought about my future."

At the Los Angeles Airport, Gail was met by her bishop, her home teacher, her sister, a Pan Am supervisor, and Dr. Church, the friend who had broken the news to her. They took her to a room where they sat down and discussed what she would be doing for the next few hours, the next several days.

"This was so valuable. I couldn't have walked down that long corridor right then. And I didn't want to go home yet. It was important to me to have the Priesthood there helping me, outlining what must be done--funeral plans, preparing the body, all that."

When Gail got home, the first thing she did was to take J.J., her eldest child, age five, out to his tree house. There she told him about his Daddy's death.

"We both cried for a little while; then I told him that for the next few days we weren't going to cry. We knew we would see Daddy again, I told him, and if we looked happy then other people would know that it was true. It's amazing how much that little boy understood."

J.J. explained to his two younger sisters about their daddy going to live with Heavenly Father. They were too young really to understand, but he got across to them a feeling of uniqueness that they had a daddy who now lived with God.

As the days and weeks passed, the Holy Ghost continued to comfort Gail, and she leaned heavily on her faith. But as the birth of her baby neared, she says:

"I began making demands of the Lord. I explained to Him that I had withstood the crushing blow of Lynn's death without too much complaint, but when the baby would be born I would need Lynn's spirit with me. I had to have Lynn there or I just couldn't manage. I pleaded with the Lord to let Lynn's spirit be with me. I demanded it. It seemed like a reasonable request to me."

Gail fully expected to feel Lynn's presence with her at the birth. But there was nothing.

"I made a realization then. Having Lynn's spirit there at that time would have weakened me. I would have wanted him with me at all times. Once you've faced up to a situation

Gail and Lynn Bevans had everything going for them in March of 1978. Lynn, at 34, was a young doctor at the University of Southern California Medical Center in Los Angeles. He was just completing his residency in pathology. He was at the top of his class, and on April 11 was to take over a position as assistant professor of pathology at a local hospital. He and Gail had just purchased a lovely home in Pasadena, large enough to accommodate their expanding family.

Gail was working as a flight attendant for Pan American Airlines, a job she loved and had held for all the years that Lynn had been going to college and medical school, and during his internship and residency. Her only time off was for three maternity leaves when their children were born. She was three months pregnant with their fourth child in March of 1978 and was planning to stop working for good when the baby was born since Lynn was so busy now that he needed her at home.

Gail left on a scheduled flight to Hawaii. When she arrived at her hotel, she called home to check on the children as she always did. The babysitter said they were fine and that Lynn had called quite a while earlier saying he would be right home. He hadn't yet arrived.

Then she said, "Oh, Mrs. Bevans, the police are here," and hung up.

Gail was alarmed, but tried to keep calm as she waited for the babysitter to call back. The telephone rang. It was a Pan Am official who told her that there was an emergency at home and she would be taking the first possible flight back to Los Angeles.

"I knew something had happened to Lynn," Gail says. "I started shaking uncontrollably. I called Pan Am back, pleading with them to tell me what had happened. But they said they were not free to divulge any information. I was furious. Afterwards I was grateful because it gave me time to pull myself together, to pray, to ask the Holy Ghost to be with me. Right at that moment it was best not to know."

Gail made a number of phone calls, but got no information. "Nobody wanted to be the one who told me," she says. Finally an old friend, another Mormon doctor, told her he would tell her, but that she should sit down.

"I don't need to sit down," she told him. "I have the Holy Ghost with me."

It was true. Gail felt strong now and able to meet head on whatever news awaited her. The friend told her that Lynn had been killed instantly in an automobile accident caused by a speeding driver whose car went out of control.

"It's so important to be told something like



Gail Bevans



Julie Oakley

Life Needs a Period

Three couples who had been friends for years--Michelle and Cuz, Natalie and Ermal, and Ivan and I--were enjoying our annual Christmas get-together. Cuz, who lives at Leisure World, had given Natalie and me an unusual book. When a plane went down carrying many Laguna Hills Leisure World vacationers to the Greek Isles, few of those who died had left things in order. Because of that incident, someone at Leisure World had prepared this book. The book was arranged so that if we answered every question, filled in every blank, there would be no question about what we wanted to happen after our deaths.

We weren't thinking much of death that sunny December afternoon, but Natalie opened her book at random and read a line or two aloud.

Michelle said, "I want to be cremated and have my ashes scattered over the sea. I hate funerals."

"I don't," I said. "A life without a funeral is like a sentence without a period."

Ermal added, "Life needs a period. Or even an exclamation point."

We stopped talking about death, but I guess none of us stopped thinking of it. I thought of a writer friend, Jane, whose ashes had been scattered over the mountain trails she loved after she died. But her friends could not stand to see her drop out like that, so we held a small memorial for her just by ourselves.

It was thinking about Jane's quiet departure that made me contrast it with my brother-in-law's "period." Clifton lived and died in Ogden, Utah, a city large enough to have polished mortuary services and excellent florists, but small enough that all business people know each other.

Although I felt uncomfortable with the custom, the "Viewing" is a folk way that is as expected in Utah as crocuses in spring. The public is invited to this strange reception through the obituary column: "Viewing from six to eight in the Larkin Funeral Chapel," the *Standard* said, and anyone who could read was invited.

The family arrived at the funeral home the afternoon of the viewing at five-thirty. Already a line had formed to say a few words to my sister, Maurine, and to peer into the casket. There were more than a hundred floral pieces on display; only once had I seen more flowers at a funeral. I thought of the number of books that could have been purchased for the Weber College library with the money that had been spent for flowers that would be gone in a day. But the flowers were beautiful, and when I commented to Maurine about the waste, she said, "Florists have to live, too." I realized that the flowers were giving her emotional support, and said no more.

Clifton lay in a bronze casket looking ever so much more rested and peaceful than he had in the past several years when he had been in and out of the hospital. I began to think, grudgingly, that seeing his quiet, pain-free face would mean something to Maurine. She stood by the casket and greeted each friend, neighbor and business associate with calmness and dignity. "He looks beautiful," nearly everyone said. Many held Maurine's hand for a minute and said, "I never knew Mr. Rhead to do a dishonest thing all the years I did business with him." Many said, "He was such a good man."

Sometimes the people who came by broke into tears. Maurine comforted them with a quick mention of the "good years." She didn't need me standing beside her. The idea had been that she wanted me to lean on. She wasn't leaning. Her two daughters, Rene and Rochelle, talked with people waiting in the line, finding there former teachers, neighbors, family friends. The grandchildren, feeling a little awkward, sat together, going to their mothers only when they were called to meet special friends or family. Only Nathan, ten years old, couldn't hold onto the family dignity. Frequently he went to the casket, looked in, and turned away with trembling chin.

As she greeted each person, I seemed to be standing with Maurine forty-seven years before that time in front of my parents' flower-covered mantle. She was a size eight then, wearing a dress I had designed and made for her. Clifton was standing beside her then, smiling down at her. He was as dark as she was blond, and they were handsome and happy. Gone, now, was Maurine's size eight figure, the sparkle and gaiety, but somehow Maurine was still the same. And peculiar as it sounds, so was Clifton.

It was not until eight thirty that everyone had passed the coffin and spoken to Maurine. "Not a viewing," I had objected, feeling that the whole thing was a barbaric custom, but as we left, I felt that Maurine was treasuring the good things that people had said as they took her hand or put their arms around her.

Friends and neighbors had made bedrooms available for out-of-town family. We stayed with my husband's family. But even away from Maurine, I didn't leave the "viewing." It stayed with me far into the night. Was an opportunity to tell Maurine how much they loved Clifton and to promise her their support now that she was alone really barbaric? The "folk way" was reaching into my heart, too.

The next morning, as we approached Maurine's house we heard singing, the piano, violins. How strange that music should be pouring from a house of grief. Yet the family had always made music. It was their gift, their expression.

I had said that funerals were barbaric, an unjustified strain on the family. But after a second viewing in the Relief Society room an hour before the funeral, the funeral itself began. We followed the casket into the chapel and sat on the front row almost close enough to touch it. Behind me sat the immediate family. There were three benches of mourners, and the chapel was filled to overflowing.

The funeral began with a brief and somewhat prosaic sketch of Clifton's life. The first short sermon was by a former bishop, whom I remembered as the younger brother of a friend of mine. He spoke of the eternal life of the family, of the place of faith and hope and love in our lives and attitudes.

Then there was a surprise--something I had never seen, even in a Mormon funeral. Eighteen of the mourners arose and went to the rostrum. Besides the two daughters, there were their husbands, their eleven children, and the spouses of the three who were married. Rene went to the piano, Rochelle tucked her violin under her chin, and the family sang "Love at Home" in an unusual arrangement of close harmony. These aren't "around the campfire" singers, but young people accustomed to concertizing, and the effect was beautiful. Only Nathan caught his lower lip between his teeth when he tried to sing.

Rene's husband, Benny, who is a Latino, gave the next talk. He told the audience how Clifton and Maurine had accepted him into the family with no thought of racial discrimination, and how great it was to have this family's love and acceptance embracing him. Rene's four girls sang a song new to me: "I know who I am. I am a Child of God." There was another brief sermon that I did not hear since I was pondering the words "I know who I am." Jeanette sang, "Oh, Divine Redeemer," another talk was given, and Rochelle's Janelle played the organ with unexpected mastery. The service was over.

Folk ways? Folk ways persist because they offer sustenance to the soul. I, who had been so critical of the "viewing," of the loads of flowers, who would never have expected the mourners to make music at the funeral, and who objected to the idea of the funeral altogether, was converted.

The close of a mortal life needs, as Ermal said, a period. Or better yet, an exclamation point.

Helen Hinckley Jones
Altadena, California



"Intruder" cont.

Her prayers were answered, and she had eight cancer-free years. But then it re-invaded her body, requiring an adrenalectomy. The odds against surviving such a procedure are high, and even higher against living more than a year or two afterward. Julie knew her condition was critical. It was at this time that she marshaled all of her resources.

"We played a lot of 'let's pretend,'" Claron says. "It's important never to give up hope. She was going to be the exception to those depressing statistics. She was going to live to see her children grow up, marry, produce her grandchildren. But in the meantime she wrote little notes, tucking them in places where we would find them. Some contained words of encouragement and love. Others were instructions for things she wanted done 'if' she should go before I did."

Out among friends and ward members, Julie presented a cheerful and optimistic face. She was always "just fine" when anyone asked, and then she would turn the conversation to them, cheering, sustaining, uplifting them.

At home she made sure her children kept working toward the goals they set for themselves, making sure the habit was firmly set just in case she wasn't going to be around to prod them.

As the months went by, Julie kept performing her many duties, even though it was eventually only sheer will that kept her on her feet. Her doctors told her she had to stop, had to stay

in bed. But then one of the children needed something, or she heard of a ward member who was ill or depressed--and off she went. What price she paid for these efforts no one will ever know. But she had developed the philosophy that we must go on living the Gospel every day of our lives, and that's what she did.

For some time before her death, Julie was the Laurel leader to eighteen girls. In her husband's words: "Even on her sickest days she would lie in bed preparing her lesson, knowing she would make her mind and body and spirit get down to the Church building to share her testimony and excitement with those young women. One day I said to her, 'Julie dear, this has to be the last one for a while. You just can't do it anymore.' In the night there were sobs next to me, and as I embraced and pulled her to me to ask why, she said, 'Please don't make me give up my girls!' And of course I couldn't and she didn't, and she taught and loved them to the very end. One of her rewards, and mine, were the home-grown bouquets held in trembling hands as her girls waited in the hospital corridors with tear-filled eyes to ask what they could do."

Julie commenced chemotherapy with its terrifying possible side effects, but even that didn't stop her. On the night after her first treatment she insisted on teaching her Laurel class. After the next, she went to a ward party; her daughter's birthday party after the next; to a wedding party in her own home after the next. This courage took its toll. Once she related to her husband her embarrassment at being caught crying:

"I wasn't even crying for myself--but only because it was the first deep appreciation I'd ever truly felt for the suffering the Savior endured; and I just started to sob when Dr. Helsper walked in. For the first time, he knew I wasn't the big, strong Mormon girl he had thought I was."

Claron once joked to a friend that Julie would die writing a thank you note, and she almost literally did. "She spent her last weeks in what seemed to be an outpouring of mail to those she felt needed a boost, one final push from her loving hand. Before she slipped into her final coma on Mother's Day, her last acts were to make certain that gifts were ready for my mother and hers."

Where did this woman, who seemed almost superhuman in the eyes of those who watched her wrest those last two years of life from the waiting intruder, find the strength to do what she did? The answer lies in her very personal relationship with the Lord, developed over years of trials; her optimistic attitude, prayer, a life spent reaching out to others, and the love which flowed back to her as a result of that reaching; the strong example her mother set; and her loving husband and children. In her own words, "It's all so easy and so beautiful when you stop struggling and let yourself rest in the hands of the Lord."

Lael J. Littke
Pasadena, California

Is There Life After the Kids Leave?

A friend of mine once described mid-life as the time when a woman has to deal with teenagers, aged parents, and menopause all at the same time. On the other hand, it is often a time when she finds herself freer than she has been since she said "I do."

The "I do" is now past tense. She did. She spent years doing things for her family--driving kids to the orthodontist, baton twirling classes, and Little League games. Spreading peanut butter and comfort. Cleaning bathrooms and hamster cages. Convincing kids that just because it's green, lime Jell-o isn't spinach. She did all the things that had to be done, and sometimes the high point of her week was dropping a pair of diseased tennis shoes into the garbage.

But the nest is now emptying, and she'll soon be out of a job. How much demand is there for used mothers?

In her book, *Starting in the Middle*, Judith Maxman said, "The vacated nest can hatch new beginnings." Camilla Kimball, wife of the Prophet, said much the same thing in a talk in the March 1977 *Ensign*:

"When a mother's children are reared . . . the years after forty or fifty may begin to look bleak. Her real life's work may seem done, when in reality it has only changed. . . . Happy the woman who has the foresight to see that through forty years of experience she has matured the ability to commence a grand and useful second half of her life. Let her study a profession or adopt a trade, or find some absorbing subject for study and research."

While some mid-life women do choose to study a profession or adopt a trade, others become involved in volunteer work. Others just want to breathe a sigh of relief, put up their feet, and watch "As the World Turns." There are many options for the "empty nest" years.

We were curious, however, to investigate women who had chosen the mid-life career option. We have therefore interviewed three women who began careers at the mid-point in their lives to see the processes each has gone through and the realizations that have been gained.

Geni

Imogene Williams was teaching swimming at the YMCA when she decided to start a new career:

"Many of the women who came there were in their mid-life years. Most of them were miserable. Up until that time their lives had been largely taken up with rearing their children--and now the kids were going or gone. They simply did not feel needed any more."

With "the empty nest" looming in her own near future, Geni decided to make a new evaluation of her life. Geni had married young and admits that, at that time, she had wanted only to be taken care of. She didn't want the responsibility of directing her own life, and was happy that it was more or less mapped out for her. She had developed no particular skills or training except in swimming--and she had been an expert swimming teacher. When trying to determine what her new career should be, she decided to build on her knowledge of the physical body in a second career as a physical therapist.

A helpful counselor at Pasadena City College advised her to structure her academic program so that it might be used as a foundation for nursing as well as for physical therapy, since Geni was close to the cut-off age of thirty-five for admittance to the PT program, whereas the cut-off was fifty-one for the nursing school.

Geni says of her feelings as she started school:

"I was scared that first day on campus. I had no self confidence. I knew I could have babies and that I was a good mother. But academically I had been no whiz in high school. I didn't know if I could make it in college. But I could feel my brain stretching, expanding. Sometimes I would be so excited about learning some new idea that I would run stop signs on the way home."

Geni enrolled in the Vocational Nursing program. Although that first year was full of

stresses--for instance, a five-week bout with conjunctivitis which she caught from her first isolation patient meant waiting a full year to repeat that part of her training--Geni's teachers and counselor encouraged her to cope, since a nurse who crumbles under stress is of no value. Upon graduation, Geni became a member of Alpha Gamma Sigma, the honor society of achievement in the VN program.

After doing VN work for a few months, Geni started her RN training. She says of this time:

"There came a time when school had to come first if I was going to make it. It's hard to be a mother, go to school, and work all at the same time. I lost a few friends who couldn't understand the importance to me of what I was doing, but others took as much pleasure in my progress as I did. They provided a place for me to fall apart when necessary. As for my family, they saw so much good coming out of what I was doing that they were very supportive. 'Mom,' they used to say, 'you're changing.'"

Geni started on the path to her new career seven years ago. She has been working as a Registered Nurse for two years. She notes that the benefits to her life from combining a career with home life reach into both areas:

"I am a better wife and mother because I am a nurse. And conversely, I'm a better nurse because of my experience as a mother and homemaker, which gave me maturity, management skills, and common sense. But I've had to change a lot. I had to dig through all those layers of inadequacy. It was intimidating to expose what was underneath and examine it for what it was really worth."

At the present time, Geni is working as a clinician in the neuro-chest surgery unit at Huntington Hospital in Pasadena, with responsibilities in administration, teaching, and patient care.

Mary Ellen

Mary Ellen MacArthur was doing graduate work in journalism at the University of California at Berkeley at the time of her marriage. Highly successful in the academic context, she experienced quite a jolt when she abruptly left that world to become a housewife, and soon afterward, a mother.

"I was totally inadequate in my new roles. I loved being a mother, but it was very hard work. And I was absolutely the worst housewife in the world, never able to keep everything clean simultaneously. I would look around and see other women who seemed able to handle it all without being overtired and irritable, but I couldn't seem to get it all together. It destroyed my self-image. I lost the feeling of being a person who does things well."

This sense of being inefficient on the home front intensified after the birth of her second child. When the children were ages six and three, Mary Ellen was asked to finish out the year for a first grade teacher who had to give up her job. It was only a three-month commitment, so Mary Ellen took it.

"It really was a door-opening experience. I loved working. However, I had no teacher training, and dragged through only on my teaching experience as a mother. The opportunity showed me that in spite of my degree in journalism, what I really wanted to do was teach. But not yet. I wasn't ready to leave my children all day."

When her younger child was six, Mary Ellen returned to school--only briefly, as it turned out, since she became pregnant with their third child. When Matt started nursery school, Mary Ellen went back to school to get her teaching credentials.

"Practice teaching was absolutely the most terrifying thing I have ever experienced. I had no confidence that I could be a good elementary school teacher. I felt very old to be just beginning; most of my master teachers were younger than I. I began to have horrible second thoughts that I was still not on the right track."

As in Geni's case, supportive teachers made a big difference in convincing her that inside that doubting housewife was a good teacher.

Following the suggestion of one of these role model-teachers, Geni switched to secondary teaching.

Mary Ellen credits her family with making it possible for her to get back to doing what she is good at--especially her husband Tom, who joined the Church only a year ago.

"Tom has always been very supportive. I think he was surprised that I took as many years off as I did. Before we were married, I told him I was a career type. He didn't realize that underneath all my talk was a Mormon mother hen wanting to hatch chicks before she resumed her own scratching. The children are much more helpful when I'm working. When I'm home all day, they don't see any necessity for doing anything around the house."

Mary Ellen does not work full time yet, and prefers to keep to part-time until her youngest, who is now ten, is a little older. She has spent a year as a resource teacher for gifted elementary students, then she taught English for the gifted in a junior high school for a year. Next year she will be in charge of a high school newspaper and will work with upper level students. She says about her new role as a teacher:

"I'm having feelings now that I haven't had since my college years, feelings of doing things well. I think this is absolutely necessary for a person's mental health."

"But I certainly don't regret those years of staying home with my children. I firmly believe that a mother provides the best care for preschool children. I often feel guilty that I wasn't better as a home-type wife and mother. But I have no regrets about my new career, either. I couldn't stand to stay home now and watch the nest emptying. Besides, as women our talents vary. There are gifted homemakers and there are gifted teachers and there are gifted doctors and so on. Certainly the world can accommodate all of us. We need to be admired for what we are good at."

Midge

Unlike Geni and Mary Ellen, Margaret ("Midge") Poynter did not decide what career to pursue, but was born wanting to be a writer. "I think a writer is always a writer," she says.

As early as seventh grade, a poem published in her school's literary magazine whetted her appetite. She determined that someday she was going to become a real, published-for-money writer.

Enter complications.

Midge married at eighteen and started her family. The writing would have to wait awhile. Then, when Midge was carrying her fourth baby, her husband left her. "He was a good man," she says, "but he just couldn't handle the family scene."

Midge was unskilled, inexperienced, destitute--and pregnant. She says, "It was a black moment. In my most desperate hours, I even had thoughts of abortion." That memory gives her chills now, since that youngest son is such a joy to her.

"We got along," she says. "The neighbors fed us. As soon as the baby was born, I went to work. I didn't even know about welfare. I had been taught that when you needed money, you went to work."

Midge found a job as a waitress. There was no question of writing then. But she still thought about it. Five years after she started working, Midge married Bob Poynter, a customer whom she had met at the restaurant! Although Bob was a good and willing provider, Midge had been badly scarred by that early experience of being completely destitute and helpless. She had vowed that never again would she be left without a way to support herself. She continued to work eleven more years.

When three of her four children were out of high school, Midge dropped to part-time waitress-ing. She enrolled in a writing class at Pasadena City College. Handing in that first assignment was a real knee-knocker for Midge. What if, after all those years of dreaming of becoming a writer, she found that she had no talent?

"Is There Life...?" cont.

But the manuscript came back with the comment, "I like your style."

Encouragement from that teacher gave Midge the confidence to work toward improving her writing. A year after she started attending the class, she sold her first piece. It went to a Catholic boys' magazine for which she was paid \$24.

She thought she had "made it," but the incoming mail brought back all her enthusiastically written manuscripts. Discouragement set in. Perhaps that one sale was just a fluke.

A year went by with no more sales. Midge scoured the *Writer's Market* for publications that might be interested in her work, and continued to submit manuscripts. Gradually the mailman began bringing acceptances--and checks--at the rate of about one sale each month. It wasn't making her rich, but she could now call herself a writer.

But Midge wasn't satisfied with article sales. She wanted to sell a book. In 1976, when she was interviewing the owner of a Frisbee-playing dog, it occurred to her that there were no books on Frisbees, so she went home and sent out query letters to ten publishers, asking if they would be interested. Four of them said they would. After a lot of hard work, Midge completed the book and sold it to one of the publishers.

The sale of that first book was an occasion of great rejoicing at the Thursday night writers' workshop which Midge has attended since

finishing writing classes. It also gave a tremendous boost to Midge's confidence.

Bob is very proud and endlessly supportive of Midge in her new career. Her children never say much directly to her about her writing, but their glowing pride in her comes back in their friends' reports.

Midge enjoys the rewards of her new life.

"One of the best things about being a writer is being part of the writing community here. My writer-friends are all so open and sharing; everyone rejoices when someone makes a sale.

"It's great to be paid for doing what you love to do. The biggest thrill of all was being able to tell my father, just before he died, that I had sold my book on the Alaskan gold rush in which his people took part. I wrote it for him."

Midge has now published eleven books and some seventy articles and stories. Has she reached her goal?

"Now I want to write a prize-winning book," she says.

The experiences of these three women lead to several conclusions:

1. That many women, after years at home, need a little ego resuscitation. They need to feel there is something they do well besides sort socks.

2. That although they loved their at-home years, they kept their own private dreams simmering on the back burner.

3. That though they have considered their skills non-marketable and have had little self-confidence, their years as being housewives have indeed taught them things of value in their new careers.

4. That there are many reasons for beginning mid-life careers. Among these are need of money for college and mission expenses, self-fulfillment, and the very practical reason of wanting to be able to support themselves in case it becomes necessary.

5. That the competitive world of the marketplace is pretty scary when you are no longer twenty and a size eight. Support of family, friends, and in some cases, of teachers and role models has been invaluable.

6. That these careers often give much-needed continuity and predictability to mid-life women, thereby providing a stable factor when everything else seems to be in flux, as seems inevitable in the emptying nest years.

7. That the pot of gold is still out there somewhere if you are willing to work and look hard enough.

Lael J. Littke
Pasadena, California

Doctors in Dialogue

There are more women in medicine today than ever before. In this age, the Latter-day Saint woman who pursues a medical career faces unique conflicts in addition to the usual problems which confront women in medicine. The following dialogue between Marian Ward, a graduate of Stanford University medical school and a practicing physician of twenty-five years, and Erna Wong, a third-year medical student at the University of Southern California School of Medicine, tells how they dealt with some of these conflicts.

Erna: Did your Mormon background have an influence on your medical pursuits?

Marian: Yes. I was born in the Church and grew up in Utah. I went with my father, a family physician, on house calls. I observed surgeries. As far back as I can remember, I planned to be a doctor. While I never felt pushed into medicine, my decision was enthusiastically supported by both my parents and my teachers at the old BYU high school.

I became fascinated with the history of Mormon pioneer women physicians at an early age. I can remember reading a whole series of stories about those dauntless women, which was published in *The Improvement Era* in 1939. Romania Pratt Penrose, the first Utah woman physician, was called by Brigham Young himself to go east for medical training. Ellis R. Shipp and Martha Hughes Cannon were other early Mormon women called to become physicians. There were others who became doctors, and practically all of these women raised families.

It never occurred to me, nor was it ever suggested, that there might be a conflict between medicine and family. I always assumed, perhaps in naiveté, that both could be accomplished. My Mormon upbringing instilled in me the "work ethic" and the desire for excellence, which medicine also requires. My father also encouraged me to achieve all that I possibly could, and insisted that I specialize. He believed that women should be able to support themselves and their families, if the need should arise. I have always been grateful for his wisdom, because later in my life I was divorced and became the primary support of two teenagers, one of whom was in college. As a result of my profession, I was able to comfortably support my family. The majority of women who find themselves in the same circumstances are not adequately prepared for such a financial responsibility.

Erna, you are a convert to the Mormon Church. How did your background affect your decision to enter medicine?

Erna: I grew up in a Chinese family where education was emphasized with no discrimination between the sexes. My parents felt that we should all achieve what we wanted. My family supported my plans to study medicine, which was the career I had decided upon in junior high school. They, like your father, Marian, also emphasized the necessity of being self-sufficient.

My first contacts with the Church occurred during my first three years of undergraduate work at the California Institute of Technology. I was married in my sophomore year to a Chinese Mormon. I joined the Church a year later. This did not change my decision to enter medical school; however, it did necessitate limiting my medical school applications to only California schools. I was not too confident about being accepted because of the stiff competition, but I left it in the Lord's hands.

My patriarchal blessing stated that I would be a good influence on other people. I felt that if it was the Lord's will, there was no better way to fulfill this than to be a physician and help people. When I was accepted at USC Medical School, it seemed to be an answer to my prayers, since my husband was on the faculty there.

Marian: Erna, as a medical school student, have you felt pressures on you to have a family?

Erna: Since it comes right from the First Presidency, I can't help but be aware of the Church's stand on not delaying one's family. I do feel this conflict, but I will meet the problem of combining a family and a medical career as it comes.

Marian: I always did believe in the traditional family structure. My Mormon friends kept asking me when I was going to have a family, but I really did not feel any Church pressure. I knew I planned to have a family at an appropriate time. Fortunately, my selection of a specialty, dermatology, lent itself well to the accommodation of family life since night, weekend, and hospital emergencies are not indigenuous to this specialty.

What kind of career support do you receive from your husband?

Erna: I certainly could not do what I'm doing without his full support. My husband often quotes to me, "The glory of God is intelligence," and therefore each one of us should fulfill his or her potential. He supplies not only emotional support but also helps with the

meals and housework. He will play a major part in my continuing in medical school after our first baby is born in November. We aren't exactly sure how we will work it out. We are taking things step by step.

Everyone at school and at the hospital has been very understanding and helpful. Right now I am on the OB/Gyn service and have to be on call every fourth day. But they arrange so that I can be there during the day, which makes it easier for me to get my rest. It will be a little harder when I get to the next phase of my training, which is care of the newborn. But again, I am just taking things as they come.

Marian: Medical school does make demands that must be understood and accepted by the spouse. If you have a family and continue in medicine, it can be done only if you have a very supportive mate. Some LDS men that I have talked to express serious doubts about marrying a physician, or any other professional woman. In my view, it is not so much the time commitments of being a doctor, because that can be managed, as it is the "ego factor." It takes a big man, secure in his own worth, to applaud a wife's significant professional and financial accomplishments. The "ego factor" is not intended as a denigrating statement, but it is a fact of life, and it is a wise man who recognizes this problem in himself and selects a mate accordingly.

I must say that in my day a woman in medicine did not dare miss one day of her training, much less take time off for a family or anything else. In my case, I had one child after internship, and one after my residency. Academia seems to be different now, as you indicated, and more women are having children during training years. Part-time and shared residencies are making it easier for women to have families.

The medical profession does require excellence, and many women physicians in my generation were perhaps compulsive overachievers in working towards this degree of excellence. Any young Mormon woman contemplating a career in medicine should seriously consider the demands that will be made on her time, family, Church, social life, and physical stamina. But even though these demands are substantial, the rewards of a medical career give a lifetime of satisfaction. Sometimes these demands do not always interface perfectly with the "typical" Mormon woman's life. Nevertheless, my membership in the Church and my personal relationship with my Heavenly Father have been never-ending blessings.

Sisters Speak

...on aging

The Sisters Speak question for this issue was "Considering the experiences we have had with the aged, are we satisfied to look forward to that kind of care for ourselves? If not, in what kind of an environment would we like to spend our own aging years, and what can we do right now to ensure that that kind of environment will be available to us? Please share your experiences with aging, or with the aging, as well as your ideas on these questions."

We appreciate the responses to this question from the following three women, two of whom discuss their experiences with aging family members and their own hopes for their later years, and one who is herself now at that point in her life.

Kris Winterton of Midland, Michigan, tells about her experiences with an aging person:

Robert Browning wrote:

"Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be,

The last of life, for which the first was made:

Our times are in His hand

Who saith 'A whole I planned,

Youth shows but half'; Trust God; see all,

Nor be afraid!"

from "Rabbi Ben Ezra"

If "the best is yet to be," why do so many people dread old age? More bad things than good are associated with aging: declining health, retirement, decline in usefulness, financial problems, dependency, friends dying off, decline, decline, decline . . . it would depress anyone. Does it have to be that way?

The critical element in old age, I think, is health. If one's health is good, there are many things to do and enjoy at any age. The thing I fear most about old age is the possibility of becoming incapacitated and dependent. I would like to be able to take care of myself, to have the health and means to do so. I would also like to have my husband around if I live to be eighty or ninety. Life without him wouldn't be much fun.

The *Exponent II* editors asked, "What can we do right now to ensure that that kind of environment will be available to us?" Taking care of our health may be the most basic thing we can do, but *nothing* is ever guaranteed, not now or in old age.

I would like to share a few experiences I had in growing up with my grandmother in our home. She was not in good health and was a divorcee, so she moved into her daughter's home--my mother's--when I was a baby. Having "Nana" to tend us, play with us, and to talk to was a wonderful experience for my sisters and me. She was like a second mother, only better, because she was free to enjoy us and not worry about things the way mothers do. She taught us how to knit, crochet, sew, and she enjoyed taking us on outings--to see a movie, eat in a restaurant, or shop. In her later years, she couldn't do as much, since she suffered from Parkinson's disease. All of us in the family took turns caring for her, and there were times when it meant staying home from places we would have liked to go. However, Nana was a quiet, comforting companion. I recall fondly the times we spent together and hearing how things were when Nana was younger.

In short, having a grandmother in our home was enriching from my point of view. From my parents' point of view, there were drawbacks. My mother later told me that she never felt free to argue with my dad when Nana was around, because it upset Nana. My parents were both tolerant and compassionate toward Nana, but having her in their home for nineteen years must have put a strain on their marriage.

Even though the "extended family" situation has its benefits, it is not what I would want for myself in my old age. Nor would I want to be in a nursing home, even if I were ill or senile. I will just have to be healthy. I will have to keep an active, alert mind. Otherwise, why grow old at all?

Marian Ward, of Altadena, California, discusses her "very personal experiences with different ways of coping with aged parents":

My grandmother lived with my aunt and her family for many years. No one ever received more loving care than my aunt gave my grand-

mother, but my aunt made many, many personal sacrifices because of it. When my own parents began to have health problems, we bought property with two adjacent homes. Until my father's death, this was an agreeable arrangement. My parents helped me with the children, and I was able to look after their needs. However, after my father's death, my mother's health declined rapidly, necessitating twenty-four hour care. At first, I was able to hire some very loving women, all members of the Church, to take care of my mother, but as time went on, it became increasingly difficult to find anyone with the patience to take care of an elderly person. I tried several rest homes, but in those days the care was so unsatisfactory that I couldn't bear to leave my mother in any of them. Finally, with the support and encouragement of the same dear aunt who had been through it all herself, I was able to get my mother on a waiting list and finally into a rest home in Logan, Utah. Even though this was far away from my home in California, Mother was close to relatives, and the care at the nursing home was very loving and personal.

From my observations and experiences, what do I want for myself? I do not want to live with my family; nearby, maybe, but not in the same house. As long as I am able, I want to have my own living quarters--no matter how small--or perhaps a retirement home where I would have my own apartment but where meals are provided. Good nutrition is so important to the elderly. If the time comes when my mental or physical incapacities require more help, then a nursing home it must be, but let it have a niche for a favorite chair or desk, not just a bed and stand, and let there be pictures of my family on the walls. It would be nice to have the nursing home allow patients to wear their temple garments, and not treat them as nuisances. I want my dignity, and I want to be treated with dignity. Weekly Sacrament services and Relief Society conducted in the rest home would add so much to the quality of life. Regular visits from family and friends are an absolute necessity.

These things were present at the nursing home my mother went to, even though it was non-denominational. I wish there were more places like it. I have been in many rest homes in Southern California as a physician, and it seems to me that Church-sponsored homes offer many of the qualities I have mentioned. Why can't we have Mormon Church-sponsored retirement or nursing homes? They could be privately owned but Church-oriented. While it is the family's responsibility to take care of its parents, it is not always possible or wise to do it in your own home.

Sister Alberta Baker, who lives in Somerville, Mass., and attends the Cambridge ward, focuses on how being a member of the Church has helped her in the Senior Citizen years:

People are always asking me questions, and I seldom know the answers. This time it was, "What do you think the Church is doing for their Senior Citizens, or should be doing if they are not?" Nowadays any question like that should have a survey, so I called some of my friends in the Special Interest Group in my ward, which to an extent is the group which would probably fuss if they felt neglected. I might just as well have answered the question myself, because what all of them said was just what I would have said!

None of us could think of a complaint. We always have transportation to wherever the meeting will be. The first three years that our Special Interest Group met, we were really spoiled since there were fewer of us. But when we numbered ten and over, it was not sensible for anyone to prepare a big dinner for us each month. So now we have our dinner at home and have dessert later in the evening at the home of one of the Group's members.

Back in the beginning, they asked what we wanted to do. We talked it over and decided we would much enjoy a sort of study group with a teacher, so that we could learn more about the Gospel. Many of us are converts and find there is much we do not know. All we had to do was say we wanted that, and we got it. Right now we are studying *Jesus the Christ* with a very fine teacher who really explores that book.

In our ward, we are not treated as "old." The young people talk to us and include us. They do wait on us when we struggle with the heavy coat, and hang it up for us. They call

and ask if we need a ride. I have never stood outside the Church after a service without having a car stop to ask, "Do you need a ride?" And, since our ward is spread over a large area, we all have some distance to go to Church.

All of the sisters said how much they enjoyed the young women who visit them as Visiting Teachers. They act as if they like to come. They even bring goodies sometimes. Any of us who have been sick know how quickly someone shows up with a flower, a card, or something good to eat, or an offer of help.

Of course, I know that this may be an exceptional ward in the Church and that we may have fewer older people than most wards. I am so very glad we belong to a ward with so many lovely young people who must love grandmothers. We who are native here feel that we are privileged to meet and grow to know the wonderful young people who come to study here and sometimes stay beyond that. I am not sure I can diagnose what makes them so special--perhaps they miss their own grandmothers--but I guess these people bring love with them. We are aware of it, and we absorb that love and try to emulate it.

If Senior Citizens can be entertained, fed, noticed and loved, what else can anyone ask? Of course, in a crisis, there is always help and care and concern. But on the regular every-day living, our Church is great, and we appreciate it.

Several sisters who have written us have expressed an interest in the effect, if any, that the women's movement has had on other women in the Church. We decided to ask you, Looking back over the last ten years or so, do you think the women's movement has affected you, your life, your job or work situation, your relationships with men, with your sisters in the Church, or with other women? If so, how? We also welcome responses from those who feel it has had little or no effect on their lives and wish to comment on that aspect of the question. The deadline for this column is October 1.



Essay Contest

We wish to remind all those interested that *Exponent II* is sponsoring a personal essay contest in commemoration of the Church's Sesquicentennial. Named the "Lula Greene Richards Essay Contest" in honor of the first editor of the *Woman's Exponent*, the contest will offer \$150 to the first place essay. The winner, and all the honorable mentions, will be published in *Exponent II* sometime during the year 1980. All essays will become the property of *Exponent II*. Since we are interested in quality, not length, we are suggesting from four to six double-spaced typewritten pages--eight at the most. Type on only one side, and identify each page with name and address. We welcome essays from both novices and old-timers at the writing game; we are interested in what you have to say.

Readership Survey

We have been pleased with the number of subscribers who have responded to the readership survey mailed to them in July. We have anxiously perused them, and look forward to formally compiling the results in September.

We have set September 15 as the deadline for receiving the surveys. If yours has gotten buried in a stack of "projects to get to," please try to get it to us by September 15.

Letters:

Dear Editor:

Both my mother and myself subscribe to *Exponent II*, and in a recent letter she asked about my perceptions of this publication. I've thought about it quite a bit, and thought you might be interested in my ideas.

Exponent II, it seems to me, is directed towards an audience of LDS women who are between twenty-five and forty, have graduated from college and, in many cases, have advanced degrees, either live outside of Utah now or have in the past, and are married to men much like themselves and have several children. There's nothing wrong with this, but what of those who don't fit into the pattern, either because of age, marital status, or whatever? I happen to be a twenty-two year old single college student, and though I find your publication very interesting to read (partly because I am quite interested in women's roles and rights), I find little that specifically pertains to me in my situation right now. I am sure that many older women, and many single women no matter what their ages, feel the same way. *Exponent II* is concerned, your back page says, with Mormon women, but I don't get the feeling that you are concerned with all Mormon women.

I have also thought about the format of *Exponent II*. In the Spring 1979 issue, I was very pleased with the series of articles on "Depression and Mormon Women." I think, as a whole, you do a good job in each issue in selecting one important topic and zeroing in on it. However, I find the amount of additional material both overwhelming and frustrating. I would appreciate several well-written, longer articles instead of a host of short tidbits which may be mediocre or very good. In the Spring 1979 issue, I was distressed by the brief summary of the BYU Women's Conference, and would have liked a more detailed, personal reaction or commentary--with, perhaps, excerpts or reprints of some of the talks that were given. I also would enjoy some well-documented historical articles or biographies. I do like the "Frugal Housewife" series--probably because of the human-interest element. I don't like the excerpts from women's *Exponent*--either give the whole article if it's good enough or pertinent enough, or relate the excerpts to the theme of the issue.

Exponent II is a valuable publication, and it does serve a purpose. But I feel that it could be twice as good if it attempted to bring all women and all areas of a woman's life into consideration and if it had a clearer focus.

Do keep persevering and keep up the good work!

Ann Woodbury
Provo, Utah

We are curious to see how our readers survey tallies with the above demographic description of our readership. We would like to add that we are not attempting to focus on one segment of the Mormon woman population. We would like to point out that we see this newspaper as belonging to our readers. If our readers want to see articles on certain subjects, please suggest them to us--or write them! We are continually trying to encourage more women--of whatever age or marital status--to participate in the newspaper. We do appreciate hearing comments and criticisms from our readers and will, as always, take them into consideration at future planning meetings.--Ed.

Dear Sisters:

Every issue of *Exponent II* seems to have been written just for me! I read, reread, underline, think, ponder and talk for weeks after an issue arrives at my home.

When the winter issue on mothering and children came, I was 9½ months pregnant with my fourth child, bedridden because of high blood pressure, and had read everything in the house. So that issue was relevant and totally enjoyable.

Now, when the spring issue arrived this past week, I was enthralled and emotionally involved with each article on depression. A group of sixteen sisters and myself had just met the week before with the subject of depression as our topic. I called five of those friends to share the great news about the spring issue. They were either not home or had let their subscription lapse. Now that is depression!

Your paper adds so much to my life and gives me hope, sustaining my testimony but encouraging freedom of thought. I love you all dearly for what you are doing.

Lou Ann Circuit
La Jolla, California

Dear Editors:

If possible, please start my subscription to your excellent publication with the spring issue. I have read my daughter's copy with much pleasure, and kept wondering why I had not subscribed from the beginning.

Thanks especially for the good story about our friend in the University Ward, Edna Erickson. She and I, with others, have often discussed the noticeable transition of Mormon women. You say it best in "The Move to the Roman Mode."

Your whole overview of the television production on depression is superior. I will interestedly await the opinion of others when I get back home from Connecticut.

Fae D. Dix
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Sisters:

Wanted to tell you how exhilarating I found your last issue. I shared my enthusiasm with our Stake Relief Society president during a discussion we had about our own women and how to better meet their needs. I am so happy to report that we will be using many ideas from the magazine (newspaper?). Our stake people are previewing the videotape on depression this week. There were so many articles our president wanted to copy for her counselors that I told her to keep my copy.

Again--thank you so much for all your efforts. My only complaint is that your paper be printed on more durable paper. I don't mind the "squeaky type," but I do mind seeing favorite articles cracking and turning yellow.

Kathryn Romney
Boulder, Colorado

A complete transcript of the film "Mormon Women and Depression" is available in the most recent Sunstone (Vol. IV, No. 2) for \$2.50. Write Sunstone, P.O. Box 2272, SLC, Utah 84110.--Ed.

Dear Editors:

I have subscribed to *Exponent II* since issue #1 and have looked forward to and enjoyed every one. However, the latest issue that deals with Mormon women and depression is the greatest yet. As a Marriage and Family Counselor with a largely LDS clientele, I frequently deal with depressed women and their families, who are bewildered that their faithful and dedicated families should experience such a problem.

I have shared this issue with patients, friends and Church leaders. Our stake will soon be showing the film. I will be looking forward to seeing it.

Thank you so much for your many efforts. When I receive my *Exponent*, everything stops at my home except the basic, life-sustaining efforts!

Sandra Goldrup
Mission Viejo, California

Dear Sisters:

Your Spring 1979 issue of *Exponent II* is just the medicine I have needed for the past few months. Will you please mail me two more copies so I may give my two granddaughters some of the same. We older sisters need encouragement once in a while also. Thank you!

Opal Jasinski
Los Alamos, New Mexico

Dear Editors:

I just received the spring issue, which dealt mainly with depression. I appreciate very much your treating this problem in the *Exponent*. It was a relief to me just to see it being written about.

Is it possible to order extra copies of this issue?

Myrleen Hovenden
Roseburg, Oregon

Most back issues, with exception of the very early ones, are still available at the price of 95¢ each. In addition, if you are interested in introducing a friend or relative to *Exponent II*, we would be happy to send them a free copy on receipt of their address (preferably on a label). We have no limit on the number of names and addresses you can send to us to receive complimentary copies.

Dear Editor:

Your last issue on depression was a landmark--as was the poem on the announcement of the marriage ("Invitation" by Rachel Nielsen), since I have just experienced such a reaction by a "friend"--and as was the Perfect Parent and Wife story ("Patty Perfect" by Margaret B. Black and Midge W. Nielsen). My husband and I laughed out loud since we both struggle to keep the household going as we combine two families and work at the Embassy in Tel Aviv, certainly one of the busiest in the world (I am a Foreign Service Officer; my husband is the Defense Attache). It was an excellent issue--facing many realities not often addressed in the Church. It was cleverly and often humorously done!

Caroleen Williams
Tel Aviv, Israel

Dear Friends:

Huzzahs and love to those sisters who unselfishly share by writing for *Exponent II*, particularly those who contributed to the Spring, 1979 "Sisters Speak on Depression" issue. Special regards to Heather Cannon for her moving account and insightful reconciliations which cannot fail to encourage and enrich every reader.

Exponent II gets better and better. Blessings on Claudia Bushman (I prefer "Bushperson") and Judith Dushku, whose particular columns are gleefully anticipated and thoroughly enjoyed. Likewise, thanks to every contributor. In the most recent issue, I particularly enjoyed EVERYTHING, from Margaret Seneca's letter to Linda Hoffman's birds.

Mary Bradford, I'll be hovering in spirit amongst the Ashdown House audience on June 2. Love to all!

Carolyn W. D. Person
Salt Lake City, Utah

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